



THE **Tattler**

& Bystander 2s. weekly 19 July 1961



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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXLI Number 3125

19 JULY 1961

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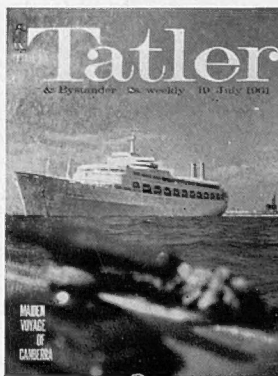
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HOME AND AWAY

THIS week The Tatler goes travelling because at the moment it's one of the easiest—as well as the most popular—things to do. Easy because in the '60s there are more facilities by land, sea and air than ever before . . . so much so that at holiday-time the population of the great capital cities tends to remain more or less constant, the influx of overseas visitors more than filling the gaps left by the departing residents. A good many of them are at sea this week—including a fair proportion aboard the Canberra. Our photographer David Mist joined her for the maiden voyage from Southampton *en route* to Australia where he plans to settle. He took the cover picture in Naples harbour and there is a further selection on page 124. . . . But holiday travel isn't all smooth flying and plain sailing as Doone Beal points out. See *Beal's brickbats* (page 107). . . . And there's always the language problem—Mary Macpherson contributes a light-hearted selection from her own personal phrase book (page 126) which might prove useful in the unfortunate event of your postilion being struck by lightning. . . . For flying enthusiasts there is a picture report of the Deauville Air Rally (page 115). . . . There is news from home as well, notably the Commemoration Weekend at Sherborne School (page 120) and a whole block of parties and events in the London scene (page 110). . . . Fashion gets the holiday treatment as well in an out-of-this-world sequence called *The Listeners*, starting on page 129. . . .

The cover:



A new shape at sea, P. & O.'s 45,000-ton passenger liner Canberra, is now on her maiden voyage round the world, and is currently scheduled to be in the neighbourhood of San Francisco. Hailed as a breakthrough in ship design, her interior decoration matches her profile in novelty. An article, Maiden voyage, describing life abroad, and how it compares with that on the more traditional cruise liner, starts on page 124. Cover picture by DAVID MIST

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Peterborough Show, 18-20 July.
Royal Garden Party, 20 July.
Household Brigade Regatta, Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead, 22 July.
Game Fair, West Park, Shifnal, Shropshire, 9 a.m.-6.30 p.m., 21, 22 July.
International Horse Show, White City, 24-29 July.
Goodwood Races, 25-28 July.
Cowes Week, 29 July-6 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Kempton Park, Catterick Bridge, Lanark, 19, 20; Bogside, Hurst Park, 21, 22; Worcester, York, 22; Windsor, 24; Birmingham, 24, 25; Goodwood, 25-29; Pontefract, 26, 27 July.

CRICKET

Gentlemen v. Players, Lord's, 19-21 July; Northamptonshire v. Australians, Northampton, 19-21 July; Middlesex v. Australians, Lord's, 22, 24, 25 July. Southport Cricket Festival, 19-26 July.

GOLF

Welsh Amateur Championship, Ashburnham, Carmarthenshire, to 22 July.
Scottish Amateur Championship, Western Gailes, Ayrshire, to 22 July.

YACHTING

Poole Regatta, 22 July.
R.O.R.C. Channel Race, Southsea-Le Havre-Southsea, 28 July.

POLO

Goodwood Week Tournament, Cowdray Park, 23-30 July.

MUSICAL

American Wind Symphony Orchestra Thames Tour. Off Island Gardens, Greenwich (north bank) 21 July; off meadow between Twickenham Ferry & Ham House,

Richmond, 22 July; off South Bank promenade, at County Hall end, 23 July. 8.30 p.m. (All concerts free. See page 116.)

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet in *The Snow Maiden*, 8 p.m. weekdays. Sundays, ballet-film *Othello* (6 p.m.) & opera-film *The Queen Of Spades* (8.30 p.m.). Bookable separately. (WAT 3191.)
Kenwood Lakeside Concert, Philharmonia Orchestra, 8 p.m., 22 July (closing concert).

Sadler's Wells. Ballet Rambert, 7.30 p.m., mat. Sats 2.30 p.m. To 5 August. (TER 1672/3.)

FESTIVALS

Festival of Poetry, Mermaid Theatre, to 23 July. (CIT 7656.)
Hintlesham Summer Festival, Suffolk, 14-30 July. (Hintlesham 322.)
Haslemere Festival of early chamber music, to 22 July.
King's Lynn Festival, 22-29 July.
Beaulieu Jazz Festival, 29, 30 July.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 13 August.
Henry Moore carvings, Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, Old Bond St., to end of month.
Art in Roman Britain, Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, to 22 July.
Daumier paintings & drawings, Tate Gallery, to 30 July.
Architecture Today (six years of British architecture), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 29 July.
Ceremonial & London pictures, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 17 August.
Figures in Landscape, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 29 August.

EXHIBITIONS

Russian Trade Fair, Earl's Court, to 29 July.

"A Solicitor's Office," Design Centre, Haymarket, to 22 July.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to October.

American Museum, Claverton Hall, Bath. Open daily (except Mondays), 2-5 p.m., to 15 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. *The Bishop's Bonfire*, 26 July.

Royal Court Theatre. *Luther*, 27 July.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 137.

The Music Man. "... the story, admittedly extremely thin, is liberally coated with honey ... we happily gyre and gimple in the great sentimental waves that come creaming across the stage." Van Johnson,

Patricia Lambert. (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611.)

The Miracle Worker. "... the best new play and some of the best acting that the present season has yielded ... a wholly delectable evening." Anna Massey, Janina Faye. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 138.

Ballad Of A Soldier. "Beautifully directed. Human nature, this lovely film brought home to me, is human nature everywhere, no matter what the prevailing politics ... the scenes between boy and girl are infinitely touching." Vladimir Isha, Shanna Provhorenko. (Curzon Cinema, GRO 3737.)



Even a camel droops in the intense heat of the Arabian desert, where the cast of *Lawrence Of Arabia* has gone on location. Resting with his mount is Pakistani actor Zia Moyheddin, who takes the part of Taffas the guide. Peter O'Toole is in the title rôle, and David Lean is directing

BRIGGS by Graham



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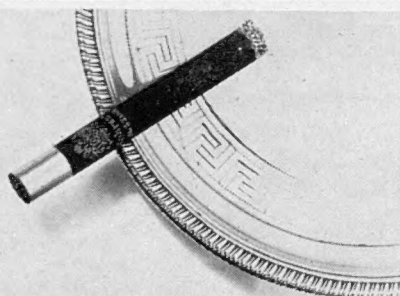
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GOING PLACES LATE

Diversification in Berkeley Street

Douglas Sutherland

A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK, WHEN THE MAY FAIR HOTEL ANNOUNCED THE opening of their new **Polynesian Room**, rival hoteliers confidently forecast disaster. To spend £300,000 on decorating one room seemed the *n*th degree of lunacy, and madder still the declared intention to wean the Englishman away from his traditional expense account diet of smoked salmon and steak.

Today the restaurant with its attendant **Beachcomber Bar** is an acknowledged success, and probably doing more business than any other in London. Newest idea to be introduced is late night snacks to match the exotic cocktail list and, of course, entitling you to after closing hours drinking. Sample dish, Lava-Lava, described as a "fabulous beef preparation. A Polynesian version of Nyu Yuk—spiced Chinese beef pieces in parchment." (9s. 6d.) Makes a nice change from fish & chips.

The Polynesian Room is only part of the Danziger brothers' three-year redevelopment plan for their hotel, which will surely put it among the top rating hotels in the world. I remarked recently how most of the top West End hotels are moving away from cabaret and late night entertainment. The May Fair is the exception. Their **Candlelight Room** has a late night supper licence until 2.30 with a cabaret which goes on at 11.25. Harry Roy and his orchestra play there nightly, as do Boscoe Holder and his Pinkerton Boys. For the less late-night-minded there is the **Chateaubriand Restaurant** which closes at 11 p.m. This is also one of the West End's most popular lunchtime meeting places, and owes its success as much to the ubiquitous *maitre* Guido as to the excellence of the cuisine.

Another late night venture at the May Fair is the **Starlight Club**

which provides late night cinema for members. The idea has caught on so well that it is sometimes difficult to get a seat in the tiny downstairs club room. The membership fee of £2 2s. a year entitles members to free viewing. Programmes change each week and performances are at 8 p.m. and 10.30. For those who like Marilyn Monroe with gin & tonic the bar remains open throughout the performance. Guests are admitted free but there is a 10s. charge for sandwiches for late night viewers.

Finally, to complete the roundabout of the new look May Fair there is the luxurious **May Fair Bar** which fronts on to Berkeley Street. Head barman John dispenses over a cushioned bar counter and visitors are usually surprised to find their change comes in newly minted 5s. pieces.

Reaction varies from the unworthy suspicion that clients are being fobbed off with some foreign currency to requests for more as collectors' pieces. The May Fair management, who never do things by halves, laid in a stock of £3,000 worth from the Bank of England so there ought to be a few around for quite a time yet.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Peggy Lee*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Johnnie Ray and the Ten O'Clock Follies

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Joan Heal*

Winston's (REG 5411) *Danny la Rue produces and stars in This Is Your Nightlife, plus early evening show, Old Time Music Hall*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Brian Blackburn & Peter Reaves, and Hutch*

Quaglinos (WHI 6767) *Noel Harrison*

Society (REG 0565) *Felicia Sanders*



Paula Watson is at the Embassy Club for a season in cabaret

GOING PLACES TO EAT

The regulars know a good thing

John Baker White

C.S.=Closed Sundays. W.B.=Wise to book a table.

The King's Head, 85 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. C.S. Open six days a week for breakfasts from 8 a.m., lunch and dinner. No table bookings. A functional, pleasant 92-seater restaurant, extremely useful to all who have business in the vicinity, with an adequate 3-course luncheon for 5s. 6d.—example: Pineapple juice, lamb cutlet with peas and creamed potatoes, apple pie and custard, and coffee. The evening menu has a good range of dishes with 8s. 6d. as the top price, and there is always an *à la carte* menu and 16 cold dishes, all served with salads, ranging from 4s. to 8s. 6d. Draught beer and wine by the glass or bottle. Service swift and courteous.

The Bridge, 25 Basil Street (behind Harrods). (KEN 1723.) C.S. This continues to be one of the best of London's smaller restaurants. My guess is that at least half of its customers are regulars, a tribute to its good cooking, well-chosen wines and pleasant, restful décor. *Omelette Arnold Bennett* is a speciality. And the cost? For dinner about £1 1s. a head without wine. W.B.

Peace at The Hague

The really great restaurants of Europe decrease in number year by year. The **House of Lords** at The Hague continues to flourish, to maintain its high standard of cooking and service, and to retain its inimitable atmosphere. I know of few restaurants anywhere that give me such a

feeling of contentment of mind as well as body, or where the words "the living past" have such a real meaning. It is expensive, and dinner, with one of its fine German wines, will cost you £3 per head. Booking essential.

Wine note

Recently Messrs. Smith & Hoey entertained the Circle of Wine Writers to meet M. Louis Jadot, a name esteemed wherever Burgundy and Marc are drunk. The wines, all from the Jadot vineyards, were: Puligny Montrachet 1957, Les Combettes; Beaune, Clos des Ursules 1953; Bonnes—Mares 1934 *en magnum*. The Mirabelle produced just the right food to go with them: Smoked salmon with potted shrimps; saddle of lamb with spring vegetables; Norfolk asparagus and a *Sorbet au Champagne*. With the coffee we had a Louis Jadot Vieux Marc de Bourgogne. For those who love fine wines it was a special and memorable occasion. I believe the two older and wonderful wines are still in the Mirabelle list.

... and a reminder

The Terrace Room, Dorchester Hotel. (MAY 8888.) *Elegant is the word, with dancing to Albert Marland's Band.*

The Empress, Berkeley Street. (MAY 6126.) *New and what the Spaniards call lujo. One of Mario's.*

Café Royal, Regent Street. (WHI 2373.) *Steak Burgundy, i.e. Steak Fondue, is now on the menu.*

Toliani's, 17, Wardour Street (Leicester Square end). C.S. (GER 1666.) *Comfortable. Italian dishes a speciality.*

Royal Court Hotel Grill Room, Sloane Square. (SLO 9191.) *Open Sundays. Range of cooking wider than the word "grill" implies.*
Le Bébé Rascasse, 59 Cadogan Street, Chelsea. (KEN 2839.) *London-type bistro atmosphere.*
Jamshid's, 1 Glendower Place, South Kensington. (KNI 2309.) *Consistent in the high quality of its curries.*
Au Savarin, 6 Charlotte Street. (MUS. 7134.) *One of Charlotte Street's better known small restaurants. N.B. the wines.*



J. ALLAN CASH

GREECE: *Stunning scenery compensates for eccentric plumbing*

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Beal's brickbats

Doone Beal

SOMETIMES I AM ACCUSED OF BEING TOO KIND, AND OF GIVING A misleadingly glowing impression of Abroad. "Is it *really* always so cosy?" somebody asked me the other day.

The answer is that, in choosing your bit of Abroad, no less than in choosing a partner in marriage, you must work out the faults with which you are prepared to live. If, for example, the wild scenic beauties of Turkey, Yugoslavia and the remoter parts of Greece fail to compensate for some of the worst plumbing in the world, then regrettably you must write off the Balkans as being not your particular roses. I could go on to list many more examples, but in fact my own grumbles are directed rather toward the unsuccessful attempts that are increasingly being made for the British and American visitors to feel At Home.

I am aghast—though sceptical—to hear that a big effort is to be made in Spain to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon pangs of hunger at 1.00 p.m. and 8.00 p.m. respectively, rather than the conventional hours of the country, admirably suited to its climate and its way of life, which dictate lunching at 3.00 p.m. and dining at 11.00 p.m. The division of one's sleeping hours into two bouts of four hours each is one of the most relaxing things about Spain. Then hoteliers even in France, as well as some in Portugal, Italy, Greece and Sicily, seriously underrate the British palate in assuming that we travel all that way to be served with a choice of soup, thick or clear, and an eternity of veal or chicken or indifferent steak. It is the cafés who have the good sense to stick to the things they do well: *pizzas* and *pastas*, *taramsalata*, *kebabs* and *moussaka* not to mention some bizarre but frequently delicious dishes made with "insides."

Unhappily, it is usually the very hotels who serve the worst bastardization of "international" food who pre-clip visitors into paying for full pension with two meals. One clue to salvation was given me by a Greek hotelier who said: "If only people would *ask* for local food, we should be happy to give it to them. As it is, we play safe without garlic, strange shellfish or things cooked in oil rather than upset anybody or risk complaints."

So much for Abroad. Some of the pinpricks involved in getting there, even in our miracle jet age, can mushroom into gross intolerance during the stress of travel. The efforts being made by BEA and Air

France to pack the aircraft, cut out the trimmings and reduce the prices are commendable enough and I suppose, though I personally deplore it, that there is sound reasoning in making the 45-minute flight to Paris dry for tourist class passengers. The argument is that if all 90 of them demanded drinks at one and the same time, the stewards could never get round to serving them. The fact remains that other airlines, whose flight from Paris to London is part of a much longer circuit, manage to do it.

It was with one of these that I last flew back from Paris. The stewardess told us with pride that our Comet flight would take only 35 minutes. But I had spent exactly two and three-quarter hours between reporting on time at Les Invalides, and our take-off from Orly Airport, for the last half-hour of it standing in a queue at the doors of the final departure lounge. The handling at airports is an old chestnut, I know, but poor old London Airport, so often the target, is not always the worst sinner in this respect. Both the new airport at Orly and that at Fiumicino (Rome) have corridors that approximate to the length of Oxford Street. Porters—who now operate an official tipping system—come in only at the "kill," between the customs bench and the coach. So I warn you from the bottom of my heart not to carry unnecessary hand luggage. And oh, if only the boys in the board room knew how the reputation of an airline can depend upon the politeness, the co-operation and the sheer *nous* of the stewardesses. And die from the lack of it.

But despite the shortcomings of air travel—which, ironically, have more to do with the ground than the air itself—it seems to me that the railway and shipping companies will have to improve their facilities if they are to keep the custom on the surface and out of the ether. Taking your car over to Dublin from Liverpool, you must be alongside at three in the afternoon for a 9 o'clock sailing. Added to that, an official advised us to clear the car (we were not allowed on board at this stage) and leave all luggage, camera, coats, etc., in the Left Luggage Office. They remain in the car at your own risk, and no responsibility can be taken. The alternative: to fly your car over, which means presenting it at Liverpool Airport only 40 minutes before take-off, but the difference in cost is high: £33 by air as opposed to £24 by boat, for a 14-foot car. The better solution is to fly and hire a car in Dublin or Shannon, which costs from £14 a week.

My last brickbat is directed towards red tape in general and visas in particular. Among the countries who are bidding hard for British visitors but yet insist upon these formalities are Egypt and the rest of the United Arab Republic, Lebanon, and all the East European countries.

I appreciate, since they are reciprocal, the need for formalities of a kind, but this sort of clerical smoke-screen does seem unnecessary.



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THE TATLER 19 JULY 1961

THE NEW MAN AT THE BANK



The Earl of Cromer, the Bank of England's new Governor, shares with his predecessor in office, Lord Cobbold, a love of the country. He and Lady Cromer are next-door neighbours of Sir Winston Churchill at Westerham, Kent. Tom Hustler photographed them in the garden of their home, Frenchstreet Farm, with their dogs, Foxy, the dachshund, Toffee and Sambo. Muriel Bowen describes her visit there overleaf

Muriel Bowen's column



Highlights of July. Top: At Buckingham Palace the Queen receives guests at the Royal garden party. Centre: At Wimbledon Angela Mortimer, first British winner of the women's singles title since 1937, with Christine Truman. Right: At Henley Royal Regatta, in a cricketing cap, Mr. Shane Chichester of Tilford, Surrey, with the camera he bought in 1908



THE new Governor of the Bank of England, the **Earl of Cromer**, and his wife live in one of those very English houses that the Americans love to see and talk about. It is called Frenchstreet Farm, a Tudor house with its pale brick walls hung with wisteria nestling quietly in a fold of the Kentish hills. The pleasure grounds, though not really large, have an air of spaciousness, and the oasthouses and ornamental lake give them enormous charm. **The Countess of Cromer** told me that their American friends (her husband's last post was Economic Minister in Washington) much prefer an invitation to Frenchstreet Farm than to the family's London mews house. Lady Cromer, a strikingly beautiful woman with blonde hair, has inherited from her mother's family a talent for sketching, and from her father, Viscount Rothermere, a keen business brain. She manages the Jersey herd, not an easy job either, working out the weekly yield tables. It has its compensations, though, like the silver trophy in the dining room for the best yield and butter fat in the South Eastern counties. The farm part of Frenchstreet originally formed part of the Chartwell estate, Lord Cromer bought it from Sir Winston Churchill since the war. But there is some doubt whether Lord Cromer will keep the herd on indefinitely. As he points out: "Cows don't recognize Bank Holidays—they still want to be milked!"

Lord Cromer has come to the Bank of England at a time when the City as a whole is explaining itself more fully than ever to an interested and curious public. This is something he will do superbly. He has Prince Philip's gift of speaking crisply to the point with an economy of words and a neat sense of humour. At the Bank he works in an office fittingly ornate and looking out on a small garden. He'll be seeing more of it for the next month than most big business and professional men will see of theirs because in banking August is one of the busiest months of the year with preparations for meetings of the International Monetary Fund and other banking events. So there will probably be work to bring home. Comments Lord Cromer: "My sort of banking does not have any sort of regular hours."

In his spare time he is a great hobbies man. His special thrill is photography, particularly colour stills. Lady Cromer shares this interest, though I think she's glad that he has given up the rather messy darkroom he had. Apart from this there is the occasional game of golf, organ playing sessions, and such farm chores as haymaking. When it comes to toastmasters announcing names nothing has quite the same ring of authority as—"The Governor of the Bank of England. . . ." I wondered how the Cromer children viewed the appointment. "My younger son (**the Hon. Vivian Baring**, aged 11) was very interested at first," Lord Cromer told me. "But all his interest disappeared when he discovered that I wasn't going to sign the pound notes."

BIO VERSUS AUTO

Talk kept getting back to autobiographies at Miss **Christina Foyle's** literary lunch at the Dorchester. "Biography may give a more judicial balance of facts and virtues but autobiography gives the *feel* of what it was like," said **Lt. Gen. Sir John Glubb**. I asked some of the war leaders at the lunch how their autobiographies had gone. **Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert De La Ferté** had very good sales to start with, but not any more. "They never thought of putting me into Spanish, Chinese and all those other languages as they might have done," he quipped. "They" have now got another opportunity with Sir Philip's latest book,

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Miss Nike Kent Taylor at the reception at 23 Knightsbridge



The Hon. Mrs. Lucas-Tooth & her bridesmaid daughter Kate



Mr. Derek Parker Bowles proposed a toast to the couple

PHOTOS: A. V. SWAEBE



Trumpets in Belgravia

Left: Mr. Seheyn Lloyd & his daughter Joanna

The bride shows good-wishes telegrams to her mother, Lady Poole

Mrs. Patricia Richardson, the bridegroom's mother, & Mr. J. Tulloch

. . . they were carried by a guard of honour from the Royal Horse Guards, at the St. Peter's, Eaton Square, wedding of Miss Zara Heber-Percy and Mr. Gavin Tait





Heads turned at the Eton v. Harrow match to watch the arrival of the Duke of Windsor with Viscount Ward of Witley, left, and the Earl of Dudley. Eye-catching, too, the cape worn by Mr. Aubyn de Margary. With him: Miss Frances York, Miss Penelope Prior-Palmer, Miss Jocelyn Holding and Mr. John Foster



Muriel Bowen *continued*

The Forgotten Ones. It's the story of the men and women on the ground who kept the fliers in the air during the hectic air battles of World War II. Admiral of the Fleet **Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope** wrote *Sailors Odyssey* after he left the Navy and it sold 60,000 copies. Now it's to appear in five-shilling paper-backs.

"I can't imagine that it is going to make any money selling at five shillings," the Admiral told me—not that the thought appeared to worry him.

PALACE REVOLUTION

A steaming hot day for the second of the Queen's garden parties is a day too that will go down in social history as the one on which the British abandoned the cup of tea. Everybody, but everybody, drank iced coffee while the teapots along the buffet remained brimfull and puffing.

Viscount & Viscountess Hailsham were there, also **Major Patrick Wall, M.P., & Mrs. Wall, the Hon. Colin & Lady Anne Tennant, and Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Bennett.** Still more: **Sir Percy & Lady Rugg, Mr. Douglas Jay, M.P., & Mrs. Jay, Very Rev. J. Costigan, S.J., Rector of Beaumont, and Major John Miller.** **Major-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones**, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, who is never at a loss at placing a name or a face was busily greeting members of London's now 90-odd diplomatic missions. Sir Guy is a much-loved figure and his decision to retire at the end of the year is a sad one. Ambassadors talk of his going much as the average Englishman discusses the loss of a Test match. "But they are all going to like my husband's successor (**Rear Adm. Earl Cairns**), and his wife's simply charming," **Lady Salisbury-Jones** tells me. She and her husband will retire to their place at Hambledon ("where the village team once beat England at cricket") to tend the vines that produce a wine which has sparkled on many a distinguished dining table. Then, when there's time, someplace small

in London to find and furnish, and literally a worldful of invitations to take up.

A MEMORABLE WIMBLEDON

With **Miss Angela Mortimer** and **Miss Christine Truman** meeting in the final of the women's singles it was the most exciting Wimbledon that many of us could remember. On court Miss Mortimer always looks delightfully feminine. She has the neatness and slim build of a model girl as well as the discipline of mind and body of an athlete. It was a well deserved win. This shy and charming girl, notably lacking in tantrums, has been our outstanding tennis ambassador. Miss Truman thrilled us with her power game. Her fall was most unfortunate, but when she recovered from it she could not quite match Miss Mortimer's astute craft. Her's will be another year. That vigorous personality **Princess Alice** (she didn't mind sitting out the interval while the rain came down and spattered her in the front of the Royal Box) presented the trophy to Miss Mortimer. And that, I'm afraid, is the last Miss Mortimer saw of the trophy. It never leaves the All-England Club, but she will get an exact replica of it. Many people have wondered in the past why it was designed as a giant's plate. **Lt.-Col. A. D. C. Macaulay**, secretary of the All-England, told me: "I think it dates from the time that ladies started to play competitive games and people wondered what to give them. I think this trophy and many similar to it were intended to be used for visiting cards."

Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, came with her daughter, **Princess Alexandra.** **Mr. H. F. David**, chairman of the All-England, & **Mrs. David** had their luncheon parties on several days of the championships. Among their guests, or being entertained by them in the Royal Box, were: **Lady Greig, Mr. & Mrs. A. G. Doggart, Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer Millar, Dame Barbara Brooke, Lord Justice Devlin** who came with **Lord Justice Sellers, Comdr. Richard Colville** and **Mr. John Mills** with **Hayley**, his bright younger daughter. **Princess Anne** came one day with several of her young friends. Incidentally I have never seen so many young people at Wimbledon—they must have accounted for quite a percentage of the extra 13,000 attendance. Also, there were a great many schoolmasters and mistresses—the headmaster of Stowe, **Mr. D. Crichton-Miller** and the headmaster of Charterhouse, **Mr. B. W. M. Young**, among them. **Earl Attlee** is a great tennis watcher as well as a great pipe smoker, and when it got too hot in the Royal Box he would go round to the cool of the tea balcony for a puff. Also there were: the **Marchioness of Salisbury, Mrs. F. M. Mortimer** (Angela's mother) and her son, **John**, **Miss Sharman Douglas, Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Griffiths, Lady Ingleby Mackenzie, Lady Shawcross, Lt. Col. & Mrs. A. R. F. Kingscote, Col. Sir Malcolm Stoddart-Scott, M.P., & Lady Stoddart-Scott,** and the **Hon. Mrs. Glover.**

After the final day's play came the Lawn Tennis Association's ball at Grosvenor House, a gigantic affair filling the Great Room. **Mr. Rod Laver**, the Men's Champion, and **Miss Mortimer** led off the dancing, and what a laugh the pair of them got over that. Miss Mortimer suggested a waltz, but Mr. Laver had to admit that he couldn't waltz. "Then, make it a quickstep," suggested the bandleader. "That's only walking!" Miss Mortimer was in green. Not a new dress "because by the time I got through the semi-finals, and had a chance of winning there wasn't any time to go out and shop." One thing she did have time for though was a visit to University College Hospital with a special "Thank you" for the doctors and sisters who got her over tennis elbow just prior to Wimbledon. Now she's off to the United States for the Wightman Cup and the American championship at Forest Hills. Then to South America to the sun and more tennis. There's a lot of excitement in winning at Wimbledon.

DRESSING FOR LORD'S

Rival attractions, Wimbledon and also Henley, kept people away from the Eton v. Harrow match at Lord's. A pity, as this is the most English event of the sporting year. Also, this year it was quite the best dressed of the summer events to date. The **Earl of Home**, the Foreign Secretary, was among the many distinguished old Etonians. But Eton



Guests sat beneath the chandeliers of Deauville Casino at the gala dinner on the eve of the annual Air Rally. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf

didn't take revenge for its defeat of last year. Harrow was on top right from the start with the better all round team. Their bowler, **R. C. S. Stchener-Barrett** was the star of the event. He'd a dozen victims, seven of them clean bowled. His parents were watching from the box of **Lord Lady Brabazon of Tara**, and others enjoying the same vantage point were, the **Hon. Derek & Mrs. Moore-Brabazon** and their son **Ivon**, now 1½ and very tall, **Sir Ronald & Lady Cross**, **Sir Derrick & Lady Gunston**, and **Miss Amanda Birkin**. **Viscount & Viscountess Monckton ofrenchley** were entertaining banking and political friends, and farther along the line of boxes the **Earl of Dudley** had a party which included the **Duke of Windsor**. I met **Sir Derek Walker-Smith, M.P.**, & **Lady Walker-Smith** heading for lunch on the second day. Their attractive daughter **Deborah** was entertaining a party of young friends at their house which overlooks the ground, and joined them later.

As we go to press I hear that the venue for this match may be changed next year. The 7,443 who paid for admission is a great decline from the 15,000 of six years ago.

TWO PARTIES—ONE NIGHT

Two coming out dances in Park Lane on the one evening would sound like disaster for both of them. But with the young people taking things into their own hands they were both complete successes. **Lady Mairi Bury** had a dance for her younger daughter, the **Hon. Rose Keppel**, at the old London home of her family, Londonderry House. Up the street **Lady Barlow** (still Margaret Rawlings to legions of friends and admirers) took over the Dorchester's Terrace Restaurant for the dance she gave for **Jane**, her only child. All night there were great comings and goings of young people up and down Park Lane. This was all agreed between the two girls, who suggested ages ago that they go to each other's dance. I met **Sir William Pigott-Brown, Bt.** (he'd ridden his first flat race

winner earlier in the day), escorting three pretty girls from the Barlows to the Burys somewhere about midnight. Miss Barlow herself followed soon afterwards and after two quick dances at Londonderry House brought Miss Keppel and some of her young friends back to the Dorchester. They set off in a sort of conga chain. More young people followed, one young man borrowing a red danger lamp (presumably from the foundation of the new Hilton-Clore hotel) for the journey.

Both balls were done in great style. **Lady Mairi** who was wearing a very fine diamond and emerald tiara, has a talent for gathering interesting people together just as her mother, the late **Lady Londonderry**, did between the wars. At her dance I saw **Prince & Princess Frederick of Prussia**, **Lord & Lady Ironside**, **Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple, Bt.**, & **Lady Anne-Louise Hamilton Dalrymple**, and **Viscount Bury**. **Lady Dorothy Macmillan**, who is one of those people who set out to enjoy whatever they go to, took the best vantage chair available and watched everybody else arrive. I also saw the **Earl & Countess of Rosse** chatting with **Lord & Lady Aberconway**. The young people dancing included **Miss Julia Cooper-Key**, **Miss Perdita Erith**, **Miss Elizabeth Scrymgeour-Wedderburn**, **Mr. Niall Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe** and **Mr. Paul Channon, M.P.** **Mr. Channon** got a really tremendous welcome from the young when he arrived from the House of Commons at 1.40 a.m. "Poor Paul, he's had to work all this late," I heard one of them say to a highly impressed little group. Coming out dances in hotels rarely have any distinctive atmosphere, but **Lady Barlow's** was one of the exceptions. The Terrace Room with its new décor, with lots of rose pink and gay floral settee covers, had an extremely pleasant, intimate atmosphere. "Jane took complete charge of the arrangements," **Lady Barlow** told me. "She decided ages ago that I was no good at this sort of thing, and what's more she thinks of everything—lists of names for the banqueting manager, the doorman, the lot!" What a secretary she would make for a company chairman. But her heart is in acting.



Mr. T. R. Watson with his Tri-pacer aircraft in which he had flown from Lymington. Left: Rally aircraft land at Deauville airport with earlier British arrivals lined up on the runway

The annual Royal Aero Club Rally coincided this year with the resort's centenary and attracted a record entry of 92 planes from Britain. In the evening guests attended a gala dinner at the Casino and next day divided their time sunbathing and watching a golf match organized between members of the French and British Aero clubs

DEAUVILLE WITH WINGS

Mr. & Mrs. F. H. Bird with their daughter Jacqueline. They flew in an Auster Eaglet



Miss Della Stokes talks to a gendarme at Deauville



Mr. E. W. Holt & Miss Carole Holt with their Tri-pacer





Rally pilots sign in at the Royal Aero Club post on Deauville airfield



Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Spiller from Northampton in their Proctor 3



Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Steain arrived in a Cessna 172



Above left: Miss A. Thrussell & Mr. M. H. Redfern in their Proctor arrive from La Baule. Centre: Mr. D. d'Ambrumenil ensures a quick tan with a reflector. Right: Either side of Mr. d'Ambrumenil on the beach are Mr. & Mrs. Colin Davies



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

M. Jacques Allez, president of the Aero Club de France



Mrs. Kenneth Davies, whose husband is a vice-president of the Royal Aero Club. Right: Her daughter Christine





The new Water Music



The orchestra's barge is as large as the Thames allows—the locks will only take a maximum width of under 17 feet. The stage has folding flaps giving a depth of 32 feet, overall length is 118 feet. Boatmen are needed to launch it (below), but at night it seems part of the river



White tuxedos gleam in an English setting of trees and lawns as the players arrive at Thames Fields, Henley. Far left: the musical director is Mr. Robert Austin Boudreau of Boston University. Left: The horn player is Nancy Wilbanks of Indiana University, one of 60 young musicians in the ensemble

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX LOW



The second day of Henley Royal Regatta had a send-off in the 18th-century manner with an evening concert from a floating barge. The music was played by the American Wind Symphony orchestra and naturally Handel was featured in their programme with a climactic performance of his Music for the Royal Fireworks played against a background of rockets and flares. The Henley performance was rather more successful than the original one in 1748 when the fireworks prepared to celebrate the peace of Aix La Chapelle failed to ignite. The orchestra is the brainchild of Mr. Robert Austin Boudreau of Boston University. Founded in Pittsburgh, Mr. Boudreau's orchestra gave its first perform-

ance on the Allegheny river four years ago, later widening its watery area to take in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. The orchestra numbers about 60 young professionals, most of them American. There are quite a few English players as well as a Spanish horn player and a Japanese in charge of the timpani. All give their services free. Apart from the classical music of the 16th to 18th centuries Mr. Boudreau has secured music by contemporary composers—Chinese and Mexican as well as American—and the Master of the Queen's Musick, Sir Arthur Bliss, has also written for the orchestra, which is playing along the Thames this month from Greenwich to Oxford and back



Miss Penny Walker, Mr. Henry Lorimer & Miss Sue Beauchamp

Between two parties

The Hon. Rose Keppel & Miss Jane Barlow with guests between the dances



Miss P. Ridsdale & Mr. G. Freeman



The outdoor pictures provide a connecting link between the dance given by Lady Mairi Bury for her daughter, the Hon. Rose Keppel, at Londonderry House (*this page*) and the one given on the same evening by Lady Barlow for her daughter Jane at the nearby Dorchester (*pictures opposite*). Many guests had invitations to both and the girls found time to visit each other's coming-out

Right: Miss Harriet Hill jives with Mr. Martin Brackenbury



PHOTOGRAPHS:
TOM HUSTLER

Right: Tim Clayton plays, Miss Elizabeth Mathew & the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish dance





In Park Lane, half-way between their dances, the Hon. Rose Keppel (left) and Miss Jane Barlow

Mr. Anthony Richardson, Miss Valerie Goad & Mr. Bobby Cholmeley



Right: Mr. Edward Lane-Fox and Miss Elizabeth Henderson



Dame Rebecca West at Lady Barlow's

Sherborne's main gate with the school's coat of arms. Below: Cricket is better watched with shoes slipped off after a high-heeled tour of the school



Prefects supervise seating arrangements in the school hall before prize-giving. Below: Part of the display in the science laboratory organized for Commem week parental tours



Sherborne at home

PHOTOGRAPHED & DESCRIBED BY ROGER HILL



While parents talk to masters the subject of their conversation stands properly to attention. Below: Paintings by the boys are framed and hung for parental approval or criticism



WHAT TO DO WHEN VISITING A BOY AT SCHOOL is a constant, often overwhelming, problem for parents. Local sights are soon exhausted around even the best situated colleges, while a good many other schools seem to be wilfully placed miles away from civilization. This may be good for the boys, but it is trying for the parent, who is often reduced to lunch in one of a limited number of hotels and a tour of the local countryside in a car containing not only his own offspring but "my best friend" as well, whose esoteric conversation leaves no opening for parental questions.

Sherborne has its own special solution to the problem when parents of most of the 570 boys gather for Commem weekend. Because it is so far from any large town (London is 120 miles, even Dorchester is 20), the school accepts full responsibility for entertainment. A determined effort is made to show the range of school activities, there are chapel services and peeches and a cricket match is added for good measure.

Some problems still remain, however. The local three-star hotel is so full of visiting parents that no one dare make much conversation because the next table will, if not actually listen, unavoidably overhear. Mothers deliberate carefully over a choice of hat, putting the necessity of keeping up with other mothers against not offending a son with the latest extravagance. And fathers take it to heart if their car is not quite up to average (a very old or a very small one may, of course, pass as a "second"). An advertisement in *The Times* asking to borrow a happy sports car in which to visit a son at school was obviously the result of bitter experience.



Luncheon is taken with great formality at the Digby Hotel. This aspect of Commem weekend ritual is fraught with social dangers, mainly due to the proximity of the tables which places an efficient damper on free conversation



Sherborne's headmaster, Mr. Robert Powell, carries on running conversations with assorted parents throughout the weekend. Below: Polite determination characterises the fight for tea in the cricket field marquee





Services in the Abbey church are a high point of Sherborne's Commem weekend—parents attend in force. Right: Remains of the original Abbey, incorporated in the school grounds, provide a quiet setting for old boys' reminiscences. Left: Mothers must choose their hats for elegance not flamboyance, but boaters go on for ever



**Sherborne
at home**

CONCLUDED



LORD
KILBRACKEN

Like this

A FEW MOMENTS AFTER ENTERING THE SOVIET Exhibition at Earls Court I felt as though I were in Moscow again. Two things were mainly responsible for this phenomenon, and they evoked in me an ambivalent nostalgia. The first was the ever-present aroma of *papirossi*, that permeates Russian life just as Paris is permeated by the special aroma of Gauloises. (*Papirossi*, a good buy at four bob for 20, are those long cigarettes, one-third tobacco and

CCCP blonde

two-thirds built-in cardboard holder, whose discarded butts are so often employed as vital clues in international spy stories.) Secondly, there were the sudden, staccato, disembodied announcements in Russian, emanating from hidden loudspeakers, which I had found to be such an integral part of life in Moscow. They took me straight back to Gorki Street! This illusion wasn't even shattered when, for a change, a very English voice, female, announced over the same

was telling me...

amplifiers, as though to reassure us, that tea was now being served (but not, I found, from a samovar) in the Brompton Restaurant.

I advise you to go along, if you haven't been already. When again will you be able to make so cheap a trip to Russia? And yet, though it's impressive, I think I ought to warn you that it's also exasperating. I find it, to begin with, astonishingly naive that the whole place should be plastered with inscriptions a foot high saying nothing, in effect, but RUSSIA IS JOLLY GOOD. We are already aware, Comrades, that that is what you think. Why not just allow the exhibits to speak for themselves?

But then, that's the *next* point. The exhibits, in many cases, have no opportunity of doing so. Though magnificently constructed, they often remain a total mystery to the lay visitor. The only solution is to find a Russian and ask him, but Russians, I found, are few and far between. In the Hall of Outer Space, for example—a large circular chamber, very imposing, with make-believe stars twinkling from an artificial firmament—there are five pieces of hardware that are obviously models or replicas of spacecraft of some kind or another. But everyone, of course, wants to know which is which: Is that Sputnik II or Lunik I? Is that Gagarin's capsule or Laika's? Nowhere, nowhere at all, is such information displayed, though there are huge placards telling us that NEARLY 30,000 SOVIET WOMEN HAVE SCIENTIFIC DEGREES.

After a long and difficult search, I managed to unearth a Russian. You can pick them out, if you're lucky enough to run into one, because they wear little badges inscribed CCCP. This is to confuse the ordinary visitor who doesn't know it's USSR in Russian. They also wear blue suits and friendly smiles (and, mind you, they *are* friendly, though often strangely

defensive). "Would you mind telling me," I asked my CCCP, "just what these things *are*?" I indicated with a fine sweep the whole range of sputnikdom.

"Excuses," he replied with a charming shrug. "No speaking the Eengleesh." Total frustration; I really wanted to know.

True, there *was* a little Cockney who was telling all and sundry: "This is wot that there Gaggerin went up in." (He was wrong, as things turned out.)

And in the end, after much further search, I managed to detect, in a dark corner of the Hall, a pleasantly buxom blonde wearing a blue dress, a CCCP badge and another friendly smile, who could give me all the answers.

I presumed to suggest that it might be a good idea to have a few little notices put up for the general edification. "Tomorrow, perhaps, we put up little notices," she said. "But why you need little notices? Is better you came to ask me; this way we get to know each other and become comrades." My heart warmed to her, and I even thought of asking her for a date, but I passed instead to the next section, where I found a gigantic, amazingly intricate model of something-or-other, all flashing lights and unknown bits-and-pieces. There was nothing in the catalogue on it and no CCCPs in sight. But this time, in the end, I chanced upon a small and casual slip of paper, on which these words were printed: *Model of Circular-orbit Accelerator (proton synchrotron) intended for proton acceleration to ten billion electron-volts.* Of course, I should have guessed!

And so by way of Optics, and Chemistry, and Ferrous and Non-ferrous Metallurgy, to Aeronautics, where I report the following dialogue with another blonde CCCP, in front of a fine model of the TU-114.

BLONDE CCCP: You have perhaps seen a Russian pure-jet airliner?

KILBRACKEN (*playing a low trump*): Yes, I flew in one to Moscow.

CCCP: Ah! You have been to Moscow? That is good.

K: Yes, and I spoke with Mr. Khrushchev.

CCCP: Ah! That is *very* good.

K (*playing the ace*): Yes, and I spoke with Mr. Pasternak.

CCCP: Ah! (*Slight pause.*) The TU-114 carries 220 passengers and has a top speed of 950 k.p.h.

Then there were the bars where vodka and MYKY3AHN rubbed shoulders with Scotch and gin; and the free samples of caviar, enough to cover a sixpence; and the fashion show where the model-girls—I know not how—had contrived to acquire precisely the same little mannerisms as their Western sisters; and the lace-maker, a pretty peasant girl, her fingers moving with magic speed to complete in 10 hours an exquisite table-mat the size of this page.

But why, I wondered as I left, can't they make a decent double bed, which surely should be easier than sending a rocket to the moon? They had one on show which simply looked pathetic. Why can't they make a motor-bike which doesn't look pre-war, or a car which isn't a bad imitation of a 1950 Pontiac? There is, I decided, no doubt about it at all: they are extraordinary people.

It's a long time since all you could do on a voyage was eat, play deck tennis and watch the waves go by. As the liners get faster and glossier the facilities increase until it's quite as much fun to travel as to arrive. The proof lies in these pictures taken on a...



Maiden Voyage . . . David Mis



Keeping the children happy means regular trips to the playroom and nursery. Miss June Lindsay, first flute of Sadler's Wells orchestra, found the nursery useful as a practice room. With her are Timothy and Caroline Watts



Keeping up to date suggests subscribing to the ship's newspaper, printed on board and published daily. Chief printer is Mr. F. J. Newham, seen here checking a copy. His paper gives international news as well as news of events on board



Keeping cool indicates a trip to cocktails for the maiden voyage. The ship's lounge has its own bar attached to the cinema, card and reading room



Keeping fed is easiest of all. Three main meals are prepared each day for 2,200 passengers, under the supervision of chef Don Glavin. Below: The first class swimming pool is terraced on three sides; the pool and surround are faced with Italian glass mosaic



Keeping relaxed is just a matter of sitting with your feet up with a book. Left: Miss Judith Carstens efficiently runs a Tote on the day's run. Sums of up to £50 have so far been won

took them on board the Canberra



the Century Bar where barman Jock Gall of Aberdeen has created new But you don't always have to go to this one—each of the large public Other alternatives for an evening's entertainment are a large-screen and a ballroom



I do not wish to be interrogated . . .

JE N'AI AUCUN DÉSIRE QUE L'ON M'INTERROGE

Doit on savoir
le mot-de-passe
pour aller
au
Lido ?



La note,
s'il vous plaît



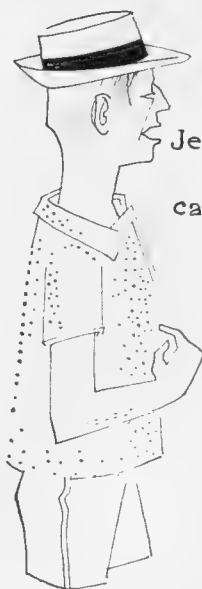
Ils ne veulent pas
s'en aller



Je n'ai aucun desiré
que l'on
m'interroge



Je ne suis pas
un chien
capitaliste



Amenez moi voir
le general
immédiatement



Travelling—En Voyage

See, there is a plastic bomb in my wagon-lit.
(Regardez ! Il y a une bombe plastique dans mon sleeping.)

The train has been stationary for half-an-hour.

Why are we not moving ?

(Le train est arrêté depuis une demi-heure. Pourquoi n'avancons-nous pas ?)

The train has been derailed/the carriage is on its side/look, there is no bridge.

(Le train est déraillé/le wagon est sur son côté regardez, il n'y a pas de pont.)

Lo, my postilion has been struck by Les Paras.

(Tiens, mon cocher a été abattu par Les Paras.)

I think we approach the frontier post. Listen, can you hear shouting/gunfire/explosions ?

(Il me semble que nous nous approchons de la frontière. Écoutez, entendez-vous des cris/le son du canon/des explosions ?)

Why does the conductor not come when I ring ?

(Pourquoi l'employé ne vient-il pas quand je sonne ?)

He is talking to the soldier. The soldier has a loud voice.

(Il parle au soldat. Le soldat a la voix forte.)

I have nothing to declare. That is a camera/travelling iron. No, I have no sten-gun.

(Je n'ai rien à déclarer. C'est un appareil photographique/un fer à repasser portatif. Non, je n'ai pas de mitraillette.)

Kindly remove that tractor from the road. I am a farming man myself.

(Veuillez enlever ce tracteur de la route. Moi aussi je suis paysan.)

WORDS BY MARY MACPHERSON
DRAWINGS BY HARO

Even the most extensive phrasebooks can suddenly seem old-fashioned—when without any warning the unspoilt little foreign town where you are holidaying suddenly becomes the scene of an international incident, the luxury liner in which you are drifting over the seas is briskly taken over. It is no use *then* being able to ask fluently for a table near the window—more practical phrases are needed.



What planes are there to London? I want one right away.

(Quand partent les avions pour Londres? Il m'en faut un tout-de-suite.)

There is another aeroplane following us.
(Il y a un avion qui nous suit.)

In The Street—Dans La Rue

No, no, I am a British citizen.

(Non, non, je suis un citoyen Britannique.)

Please do not be so rough/insolent/unco-operative.

(Ne soyez pas si brutal/insolent/ne mettez pas de bâtons dans les roues.)

I have never seen this man before. I have brought no messages for him. I am not in his pay.

(Je n'ai jamais vu cet homme de ma vie. Je n'ai aucune communication pour lui. Je ne suis pas à sa solde.)

Please let me pass. I wish to go to the beach.

(Laissez-moi passer. Je voudrais aller à la plage.)

I am not a capitalist dog/American lackey. I am a bank clerk.

(Je ne suis pas un chien capitaliste/un laquais américain. Je suis un employé de banque.)

Take me to your general at once.

(Amenez-moi voir le général immédiatement.)

I do not know the password. Why should I have a password to go to the Lido?

(Je ne connais pas le mot-de-passe. Doit-on savoir le mot-de-passe pour aller au Lido?)

Please do not shout. I have no views on the Inner Six/the Outer Seven.

(Ne criez pas, s'il vous plaît. Je n'ai aucun point de vue sur les Six/les Sept.)

Where is the British Consulate?

(Où est le consulat Britannique?)

At The Hotel—A L'Hôtel

I wish to speak with the manager. There are soldiers in my room. They will not go away.

(Je voudrais parler au gérant. Il y a des poilus dans ma chambre. Ils ne veulent pas s'en aller.)

This is not my passport.

(Ceci n'est pas mon passeport.)

I wish to make a complaint. My telephone does not work. The wires are cut/the operator is unconscious.

(Je voudrais faire une réclamation. Mon téléphone ne marche pas. Les fils ont été coupés/la standardiste s'est évanouie.)

I do not like this room. There is no glass in the windows and the troops in the square outside are noisy.

(Je n'aime pas cette chambre. Il n'y a pas de vitres dans les fenêtres et les soldats dehors sur la place font beaucoup de bruit.)

I reserved a room with a view. The windows are barricaded and I cannot see the sea.

(J'ai réservé une chambre qui donne sur la mer. Les fenêtres sont barrées et je ne puis la voir.)

You misunderstand me. I do not despise General Castro. I merely asked why there is no water in the tap.

(Vous me comprenez mal. Je ne méprise pas le Général Castro. Je demande tout simplement pourquoi il n'y a pas d'eau dans le robinet.)

I wish to leave. Please give me my bill.

(Je veux partir. La note, s'il vous plaît.)

ceci
n'est pas
mon
passeport



je n'ai pas de mitraillette



Steel-touched crystal wine glasses from Finland. Claret glass, 18s. 9d.; goblet, 19s. 9d.; flute champagne glass, 21s. 6d. All at Heals, Tottenham Court Road

COOL DRINKING

Amethyst pitcher with a slim, graspable waist, 18s. 9d. (also in clear crystal). Two glasses of simple design, also in amethyst, as well as crystal and other cool colours, 7s. and 7s. 3d. All at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1



Steel-tinged jug and glasses, practically shaped by Royal Leerdam. Jug with swizzle stick, £2 18s. 3d.; glasses, 6s. 6d. each; long-handled ice teaspoons in satin-finished stainless steel, 7s. 11d. All at Anson's, Dover Street

Olive-green conical jug and matching glasses are Finnish. Jug, 38s. 6d.; glasses 8s. 9d. each. All at Heals



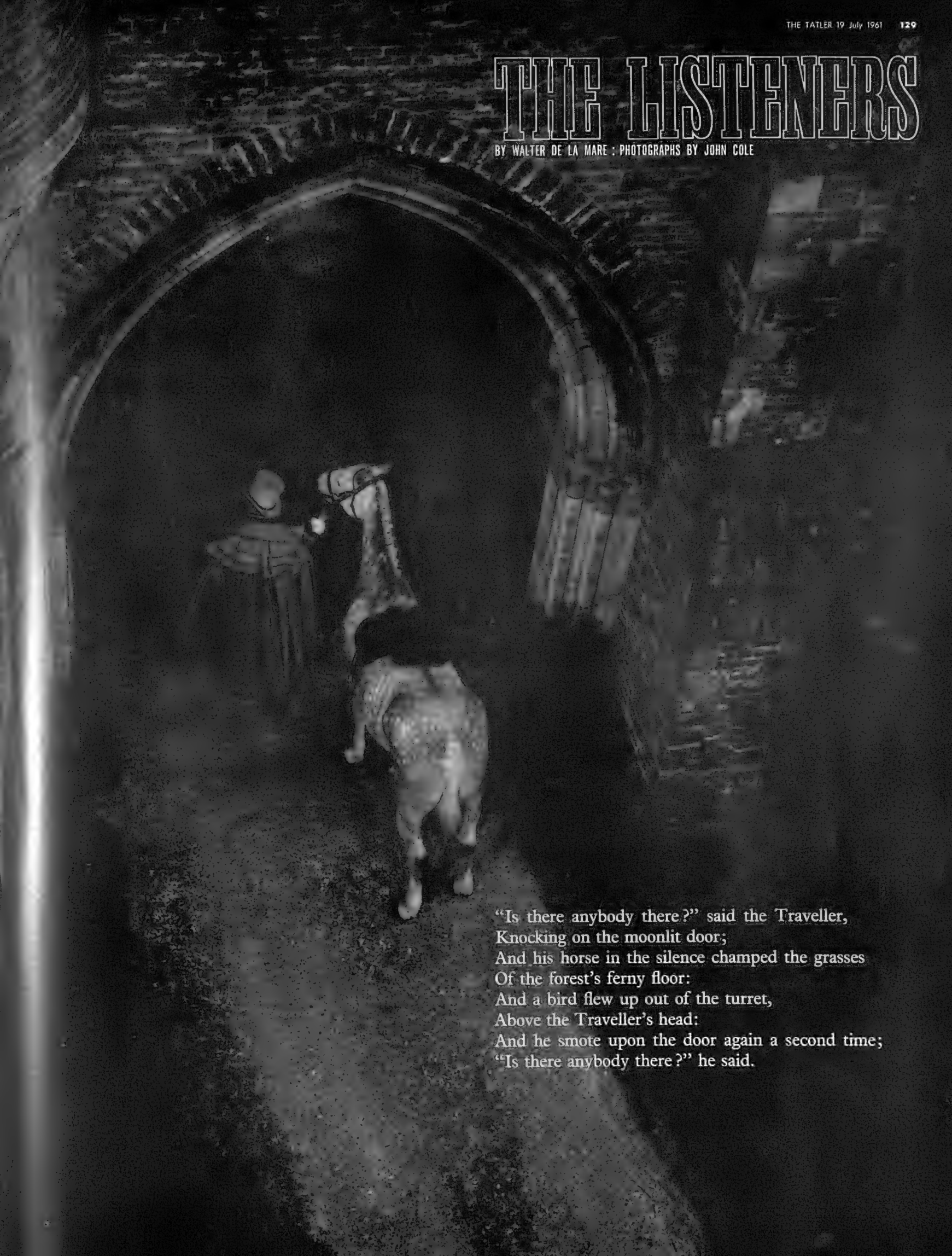
Smoky-stemmed hock glass (left) by Orrefors has a clear chunky bowl, about 16s. 6d. Flute champagne-glass (right) by Boda in clear crystal, about 11s. 5d. from the Continental Glass Shop, Euston Road. Both glasses are at Choses, Hampstead; Pollards, Beckenham; Dunns, Bromley

Crystal-clear glasses from Sweden. Added attraction of low-set handles for balance, and solid bases. Both by Afors, at approx. 13s. 6d. & 12s. each from Dickeson & French, Eastbourne; Jordan & Cook, Worthing; B. Jonzen & Co., Holborn



THE LISTENERS

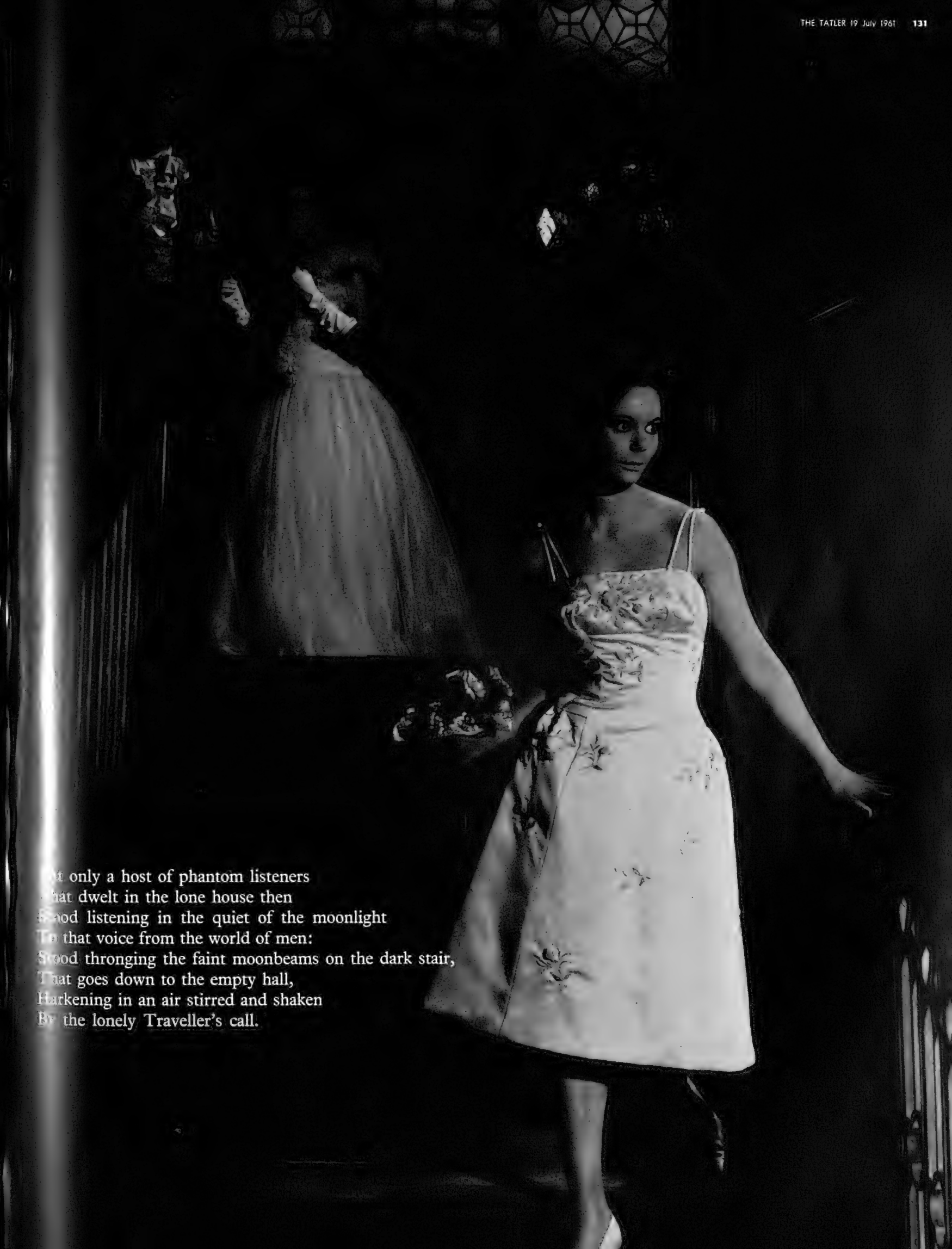
BY WALTER DE LA MARE : PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COLE



“Is there anybody there?” said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest’s ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller’s head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
“Is there anybody there?” he said.



But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.

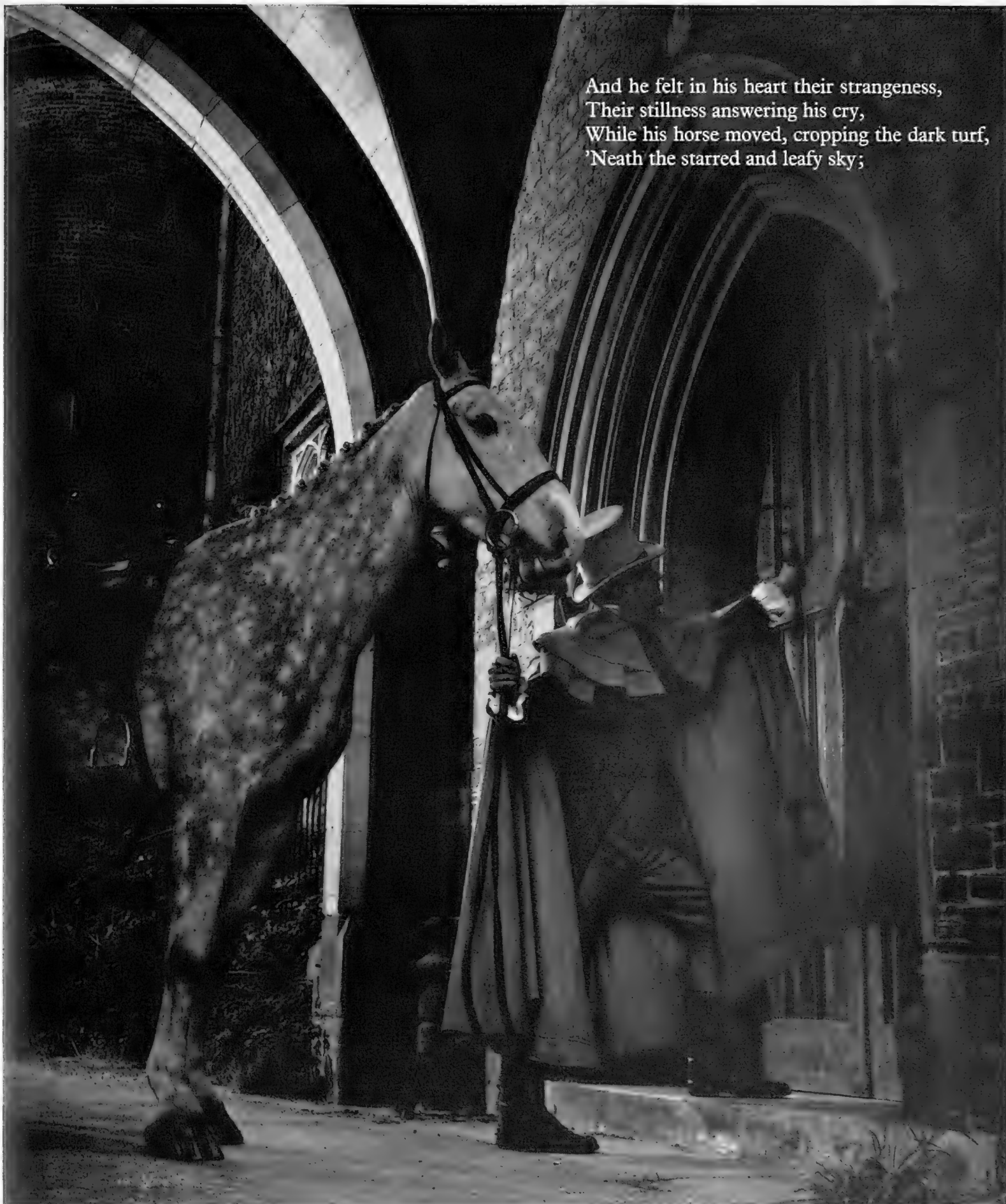


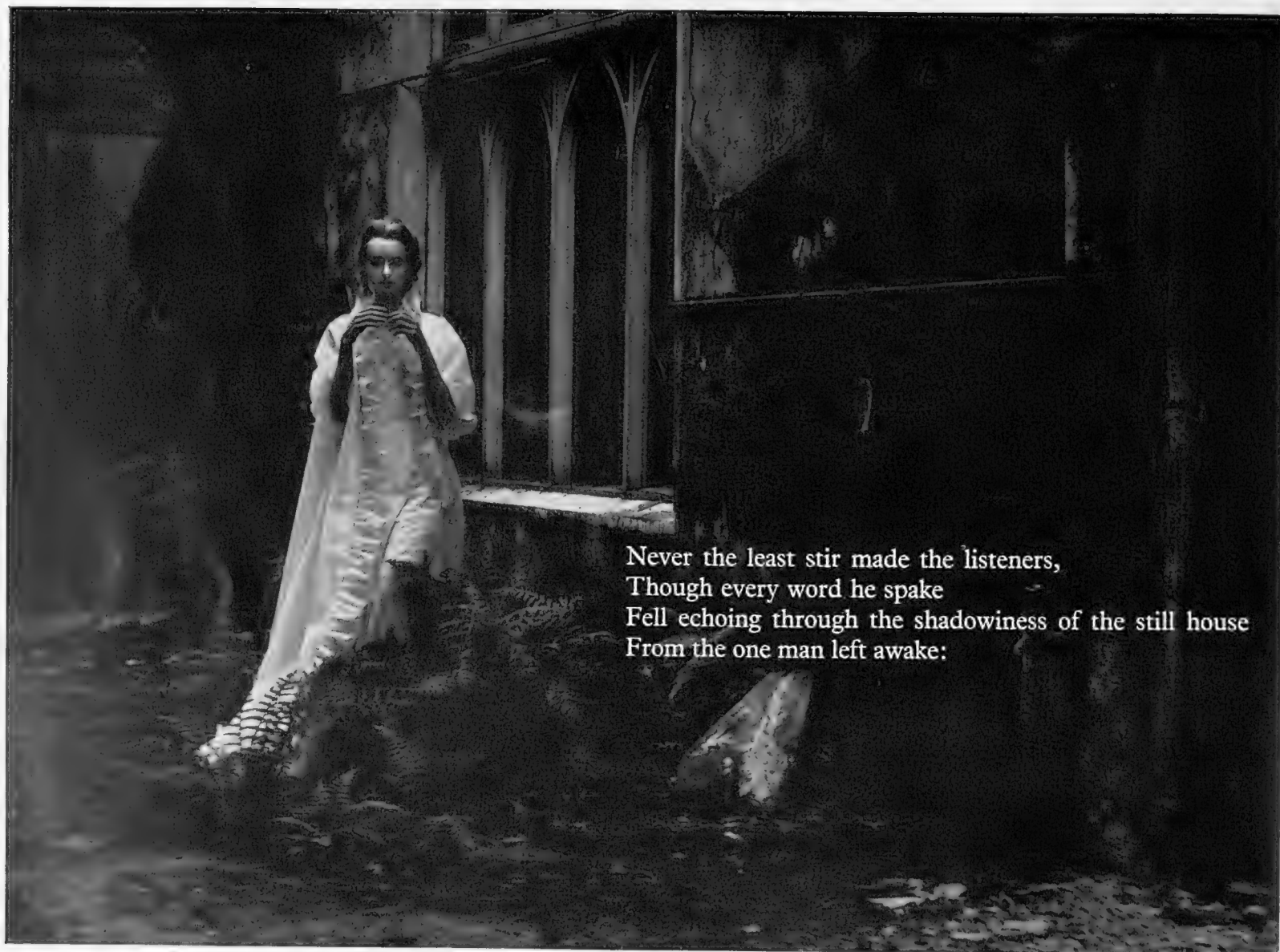
Not only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.

For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
“Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,” he said.



And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;





Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:



Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.



POEM BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

How much and where

+ PAGE 130

Midnight-black velvet cloak is lined with white silk, its hood edged with a broad band of Koh-i-Noor mink. By Jean Allen, at Peter Jones, S.W.1; Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. The cloak costs 35½ gns. without the mink, 50½ gns. with it, and 75 gns. with its own evening dress (page 132). The shimmering rhinestone and pearl earrings are 37s. 6d. from Paris House, South Molton Street.

+ PAGE 131

Ethereal evening dress in champagne tulle mounted on a crinoline. The boa is a matching ruffle of tulle. By Jean Allen, at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Wm. Harvey, Guildford; Leaders, Leeds. Price: 39 gns. Shimmering white satin evening dress rosily embroidered in pink tulle ribbon and silver thread. By Phyllis Taylor, at Harrods, S.W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead. Price about 30 gns.

+ PAGE 132

Evening dress of layers of ghost-white nylon organza topped by a black velvet bodice. By Jean Allen, at Peter Jones, S.W.1; Renée Meneely, Belfast; County Clothes, Cheltenham. The dress costs about 24 gns. and can be bought with its own cloak (page 130) for 75 gns. The rhinestone and pearl necklace and the rhinestone earrings are from Paris House, South Molton Street. Necklace 7½ gns., earrings 7 gns.

+ PAGE 134

Nightdress in 30 denier white nylon, its fitted lace bodice slotted with blue nylon ribbon. The negligée is made of two layers of nylon with a deep yoke of nylon lace. Blue ribbon threads the ruffle at the neck. By Taylor Woods, at John Barkers, W.8; McDonalds, Harrogate; Welwyn Garden City Department Stores. Available at the end of August, the nightdress about 69s. 6d., the negligée about 7 gns.

+ PAGE 135

Full-skirted peignoir of blue-spotted white nylon organza. It is fully lined, and edged with a matching ruffle. By Angela Gore at Woollands, S.W.1; Rackhams, Birmingham; Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames, it costs about 17 gns. The single rhinestone necklace from Paris House costs 4 gns.



Vanessa Redgrave, daughter of Sir Michael Redgrave, and Ian Bannen, as Rosalind and Orlando in Michael Elliott's production of *As You Like It*

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

As You Like It. Royal Shakespeare Theatre. (Ian Bannen, Max Adrian, Vanessa Redgrave, Rosalind Knight.)

Lifesaver at Stratford-on-Avon

THINGS HAVE NOT GONE PARTICULARLY WELL AT THE STRATFORD Festival this year. The theatre is crowded as a matter of course night after night with eager tourists who are in a holiday humour and are easily pleased by lavish spectacle, but the critical minority on whom the prestige and attractiveness of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre ultimately depend have had to make do with something less than they usually get—Mr. Christopher Plummer's tolerably good Richard the Third, a scrambled *Much Ado About Nothing* and the freakishly conceived Hamlet of Mr. Ian Bannen. This, as they grumblingly tell themselves, is not nearly good enough.

It was a relief to find the other day that a director known in London

VERDICTS

chiefly by a distinguished treatment of Ibsen's rarely played *Brand* had come to the rescue of the regular Stratford directors with a pleasantly relaxed and stylish production of *As You Like It*. Mr. Michael Elliott has been wise enough to realize that because this comedy is simple, straightforward and well known there is no obvious need to do something unexpected with it. His approach is only novel in the unimportant sense that though the forest of Arden is usually thought of as a place of sunshine and summer peace, he shows it as a place of winter and rough weather until the multiple marriages are imminent and Touchstone calls on the pages for the song that shows that springtime has come. Mr. Richard Negri supplies a setting that suggests the passage of the seasons with the minimum of fuss—a single massive tree standing on a wide green mound overlooking a countryside carrying hints from time to time that the winter wind is less keen-toothed than it was when the banished Duke's men met its challenge with a cheerful heigh-ho, the holly.

Mr. Elliott has left himself free, therefore, to concentrate on the acting, and he succeeds remarkably well in getting from his company the gaiety of spirit without which a comedy incarnating romance is hardly worth the playing. Nearly everyone in Arden is in love and everyone is happy, even Jaques who would be unhappy only if he

lost his power to suck melancholy out of whatever attracts his attention; and no actor in this play can be altogether unacceptable so long as the heart of laughter is in him.

It is Rosalind who gives of course the piece its special human charm, its note of sane and joyous vitality. There is no withstanding the obvious truth that Miss Vanessa Redgrave is still an immature actress. To cast her as the witty and brave, audacious and tender Rosalind was to take a risk. It looks in the beginning as though it were a risk that should not have been taken, at any rate not at Stratford, for Miss Redgrave is altogether too girlishly ecstatic in the early scenes. She does not manage the love-at-first-sight exchanges with the gallant young wrestler at all well and she is perhaps the least interesting of the three travellers who found the romantic flight into Arden such cruelly hard going. But the moment she and Orlando come together in the forest she carries all before her, lighting, as it were, by happy instinct rather than by technical accomplishment on the right mingling of frolic and fun and innocent seriousness. Her moments of involuntary attestations of tenderness still want a depth that will be there, no doubt, when she plays the part a second time a few years hence, but even today the suggestion of it is present and her happy, youthful Rosalind will be a joy to remember. Miss Rosalind Knight is something too much of a mischievous witch to be the perfect Celia, but there is plenty of animation in the support she gives her companion, and the uncovenanted touch of cynicism does no harm.

Mr. Max Adrian and Mr. Colin Blakely combine themselves into a single tower of strength. The professional cynic of Mr. Adrian and the professional jester of Mr. Blakely plainly enjoy each other's company. Both are delightedly aware that whether fooling or uttering worldly wisdom they both speak the same language and feel much the same about things in general. Mr. Ian Bannen is a not altogether satisfactory Orlando if only because he is an excellent realistic actor who has not yet learned how to cope with Shakespearian verse, and also perhaps because he fails to convey the noble innocence of heart that draws Rosalind to him. The small but important part of Audrey, on the other hand, is most amusingly clowning by Miss Patsy Byrne, and we are inclined when Touchstone introduces his bride to the Duke as "A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own" to throw the emphasis on the end of the phrase rather than on the middle part and to think that Touchstone, too, has his instinct and that the lady knows she can trust it however incomprehensibly he may smother it in cynical jests.



Breathless. Director Jean-Luc Godard. (Jean Seberg, Jean-Paul Belmondo.)

Seven Days . . . Seven Nights. Director Peter Brook. (Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo.)

Parrish. Director Delmer Daves. (Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert, Karl Malden.)

Big week for M. Belmondo

FOR ONCE THE "NOUVELLE VAGUE" BREAKS ON A LEE SHORE, WELL away from the high winds of controversy, with **Breathless**; or so it seems to me. There can surely be no argument as to whether or not this is a remarkable film. It is remarkable—for its cool screenplay, by M. François (*Les 400 Coups*) Truffaut, its apparently nonchalant (but superbly calculated) direction, by M. Jean-Luc Godard, and the contribution, so subtle that you sense rather than see it, of M. Claude Chabrol, a leading director in his own right who is billed here as "technical and artistic adviser."

Unlike the majority of so-called "experimental" films, it is neither self-conscious nor pretentious. There is no nonsense about it—none of this "Look! Look! No script! All impromptu! Aren't we hip—you old square? We just *threw* this on the screen—and you'd damn' well better find it marvellous or you might as well be dead! You probably are, anyway—if you don't realize that the inarticulate are the only people who have anything of interest to say, these days!"



"I think you should tone down the relationship between Ruby Rabbit and Oliver Owl"

Without being exactly dead, poor old zombies like me whose delight in conversation and the magic of words sustains them in seeming life, are bound to feel out of place in the sad new world of the *avant-garde* film, where the disillusioned young sit around resolutely non-communicating in a series of grunts. Suddenly, along comes **Breathless**—and one is left panting with relief and excitement over a film so many streets ahead of the *avant-garde* that it can afford to be lucid and coherent. The study it presents of modern, anarchic youth is the most dispassionate and the most telling I have yet seen.

M. Jean-Paul Belmondo gives a brilliant performance as a young crook whose moral values are nil. For him, to live is simply to exist—death is no more than ceasing to exist, and that is all he knows. He has stolen a car and is bowling blithely towards Paris. He doesn't look a bad sort of fellow—in fact his rough-hewn face, with its crooked nose and wide mouth, is extremely attractive. He plays, like a schoolboy, with a gun he finds in the car—but he doesn't hesitate to use it in earnest when a policeman on a motor-cycle overtakes him. He kills the man and abandons the car.

Arriving penniless in Paris, M. Belmondo visits and casually robs one of his girl-friends (Mlle. Liliane David) and then goes off to meet another, the enchanting Miss Jean Seberg, whom he hopes to take on a holiday to Italy. She is an American girl who is playing at selling newspapers while dallying with the idea of becoming a journalist—she is not sure that she cares enough for M. Belmondo to go away with him, though she has found him acceptable as a lover.

The police have meantime identified the murderer and are closing in on him—while M. Belmondo, who is untroubled by pangs of fear or conscience, is doggedly but unsuccessfully trying to raise money and persuade Miss Seberg to make up her mind. The conversations between the man and the girl are curiously oblique—she is concerned only with her own existence, as he is concerned solely with his—but it becomes clear that Miss Seberg does not wish to take a decision.

Her way out of her dilemma is to denounce her lover to the police. She tells him what she has done, so that he may escape if he wishes. He doesn't. Defiantly he stays on until the police arrive—and, before Miss Seberg's innocently speculative eyes, he is shot down in the street like a dangerous animal. It is perhaps impossible to feel any sympathy for these two soulless and heartless people—but it is certainly easy to believe in them.

M. Belmondo turns up again, and most effectively, in **Seven Days . . . Seven Nights** . . . a brooding film, directed by our own Mr. Peter Brook.

Mlle. Jeanne Moreau plays the wife of a rich factory-owner, living in a small, dreary industrial town on the banks of the Gironde. Apart from her little son, whom she adores, she has nothing in life to interest her: she is stifling with boredom.

One day she is sitting in the house of a music teacher in the town, waiting empty for the child to finish his music lesson. Suddenly a terrible cry rings out from the café next door: a woman has been murdered by her lover. Mlle. Moreau is strangely disturbed—she had perhaps forgotten that passion can exist anywhere. She is drawn next day to the café, where she meets a man, M. Belmondo, a worker at her husband's factory, with whom she discusses the crime, which seems to fascinate her.

They meet and walk and talk on a number of occasions, and with each meeting their feelings for each other intensify until, because they remain unfulfilled, they become unbearable. Frustration (it seemed to me—though I may be wrong) induces a death wish in Mlle. Moreau: she appears to hope that M. Belmondo may love her madly enough to kill her. Alas—he only loves her enough to leave her; and when he does she collapses on the floor of the sinister café with a scream as full of anguish and passion as the cry of the murdered woman.

The film is beautifully acted and vibrates with battened-down emotions—but I found it a trifle slow.

Mr. Delmer Daves, who wrote, produced and directed *Parrish* is at pains to explain the hazards of tobacco-growing in Connecticut ("If the wire-worm doesn't get you, the blue mould will") and why cigars are so expensive—and this is all very interesting. He offers, you might say, an acceptable documentary pill—but unfortunately the emotional sugar with which he has coated it is more than somewhat weakening.

Mr. Karl Malden gives an incredibly bad performance as a big, bullying, tobacco boss—and Mr. Troy Donahue gives no performance at all as his reluctant stepson. If you don't believe me, go see for yourself—though it's scarcely worth the trouble.

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

The Congregation, by Johnny Griffin.
The Soul Of Ben Webster
Soul Time, by Bobby Timmons.
Sin & Soul, by Oscar Brown, Jnr.
Just The Blues, by Count Basie & Joe Williams.
I Believe, by Mahalia Jackson.

congregation & several souls

THE DESCRIPTION OF JOHNNY GRIFFIN ON HIS RECORD SLEEVE NOTES AS "symbol of jazz energy" conjures up for me all the things I saw and heard him do at Newport in 1959, at a thinly patronized afternoon session. It wasn't his day, but he still made as if to lift the canopy from the band stand. The tenor saxophone is a powerful weapon to wield in jazz today, ranking with the trumpet as the biggest voice in most bands. Griffin uses it the same way that Hawkins and Byas do, with the inflections of Parker and the trends of Rollins intruding. His Blue Note album, *The Congregation* (1580), is a superbly hard-hitting session, that presents him at his best. Whichever way you look at it, the music is impressive. He delves deeply into the past, yet embraces the present day extensions of harmony which make for intriguing possibilities and fascinating listening.

Souls have become commonplace in jazz conversation today, and album titles arrive month by month, each embracing the magic word. I am not kindly disposed to some of them, as the one ingredient that is so often lacking is the "soul" they so proudly boast about. Ben Webster, whose soul is supposed to be featured in an HMV release (CSD1355), must be blushing with shame at the gaggle of bopsters who are provided to accompany him. I have never heard such a soulless collection, marring every note he plays. Give me Ben Webster playing the jazz he knows how to make, without this soul nonsense!

Soul Time expresses the urgent need for Bobby Timmons to play

his piano (RLP 334). Here is a very tense pianist, with ideas that could easily put him in the top flight of jazz soloists if he would only sit back and relax. I heard him in the spring during his British tour with Art Blakey's group, when he was somewhat erratic but always interesting. Art accompanies him on this session, with the bleak but fluent trumpet of Blue Mitchell and Sam Jones's magnificent pounding bass to add to the overall effect of a potent session. Timmons is master of the phrase, but fails at the present moment to finalize his melodic themes.

Sin & Soul presents jazz of an entirely different style. This is blues and nonsense combined in one album by Oscar Brown, Jnr. (BBL7478). A superficial hearing reminds me of Harry Belafonte crossed with Josh White, but he shows much more character and depth than either of these singers. His affectations are infuriating, but he seems to have assimilated the main elements of city blues singing in these stylized tracks. Joe Williams, resident singer with the Basie band, chooses *Just The Blues* for his latest feature album (SCN3380). The Basie piano is well featured, but it is spoilt for me by the mannerisms that protrude through every note Joe sings.

With so much emphasis laid on soul in the titles of the LPs I have mentioned, it seems a trifle ironical that the one which shows the greatest feeling is *I Believe*, an exquisite selection of gospel songs by Mahalia Jackson. She has that majestic inflection in her voice which puts her head and shoulders above other singers of gospel music.

Iris Murdoch's recent novel *A Severed Head* is still high on the book lists, despite an uneven press. The story (a mosaic of love affairs) has been praised for construction, criticized for complexity, admired for its symbolism, condemned for obscurity. Siriol Hugh-Jones, who reviewed the book recently, is missing from this week's *Verdicts* section through illness



ANTHEA SIEVEKING

**ROBERT
WRAIGHT
ON
GALLERIES**

Côte d'Azur exhibitions & galleries

Dwarf and giant country

I HAVE BEEN MAKING A SURVEY HERE OF THE ART OFFERINGS AVAILABLE to the holidaymaker who, tired of lying like a grilled chop upon an aseptic white mattress on the clinically arranged *plages* of Cannes or Nice or Juan-les-Pins, has stopped short of selling the whole of his soul for sunshine. On the way to the Riviera I had fondly imagined that the dealers' galleries would be filled with exhibitions comparable with those in Paris or London, and that I would find a number of Provençal painters worth writing home about. Optimism survived even after the first gallery I visited turned out to be no more than a box of sticky, sickly bon-bons by Doumergue, whose real place is the cover of *La Vie Parisienne*, and the second was overrun by baby-faced, button-eyed boys, all dressed as harlequins, painted by an Italian gentleman named Giuffrida whose brother (named G. Fryda!) paints grown-up harlequins.

But half-a-dozen exhibitions later, when I had seen blatant imitators of Gauguin, Modigliani, Toulouse-Lautrec, Vlaminck, Grandma Moses and the said Giuffrida, despair set in. Exasperated by the we-give-the-public-what-it-wants mentality of those who, living in a region that can boast far more than its fair share of fine modern painters, insulted their visitors with trash and triviality, I fled to the hills behind the *ersatz* golden coast. In Vallauris, the little pottery town that Picasso has put on the map in bigger type than any it has been considered to deserve since the Romans made their bricks there, things were little better. There, one of France's really great potters (and I don't mean Picasso) is surrounded for the most part by opportunists who have jumped on the Picasso bandwagon and produce enormous quantities of rubbish for souvenir-hungry tourists. Even so the town is well worth a visit—and not only for Picasso's bizarre Temple du Paix and his statue, *l'Homme au Mouton*, that a grateful populace has given the place of honour in the Place Paul-Isnard.

At Vence the chief attraction is, of course, the famous Matisse Chapel, a little masterpiece of light, simplicity and cool colour. On the way to it, it is easy to take in the Maison Renoir and the Musée at Cagnes, and the lovely walled town of St. Paul de Vence. In St. Paul it is *de rigueur* to lunch or dine at the Colombe d'Or where you eat out of doors overlooked by a big ceramic mural, or indoors surrounded by superb paintings by Bonnard, Modigliani, Braque, Chagall, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, Rouault, Miro—all of them reputedly given to the former proprietor in lieu of cash payments for meals. Matisse at Vence, Picasso at Vallauris and Cocteau at Villefranche have set a fashion for chapel-decorating that is being followed by many younger artists,

among them the clever Niçois Raymond Moretti whose passion for "working big" has already driven him to cover the walls of four small churches in the environs of his home town.

The municipal galleries at such places as Antibes and St. Tropez have collections of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings that should not be missed. And at Biot, in the country behind Antibes, is an absolute must—the astonishing new Fernand Léger museum. Coming suddenly upon the huge modern building at the end of a rough, dusty lane that leads from the RN7 across the new Autoroute, is like the realization of a Dali fantasy. It stands on a small hill in the middle of cultivated fields just outside the village. A strictly functional piece of architecture of inspired simplicity, it is all that an art gallery should be. Built at enormous cost by Madame Nadia Léger as a memorial to her husband, the peasant who became a great painter, it is claimed as the first gallery built for a single painter and dedicated exclusively to his work. It is 50 yards long, and extending across the entire frontage facing the distant sea is a mosaic-ceramic mural originally designed by the artist for the Olympic stadium at Hanover. The entrance hall is dominated by 45 square metres of stained glass to the artist's design, and on the two floors of the gallery, superbly lighted by daylight, are five or six hundred of Léger's works, dating from 1904 to 1955, the year he died.

Anyone who, like me, is not much impressed or charmed by this artist's "machine-turned" way of looking at life, will be forced to think again after seeing his *oeuvre* presented in this ideal setting.



STUDIO JACQUES MIR

One-man-museum on a hill near Antibes, built by Fernand Léger's widow to house his work. The 400 sq. metre design on the façade is a mosaic, and in the foreground is a ceramic sculpture called Child's garden



**crème
abyssale**

LANCÔME

fluid
sea water cream
regenerative & rehydrating

DINING IN

That royal fish the kipper

Helen Burke

FOR THOSE WHO DO THEIR OWN COOKING, THERE IS GREAT SATISFACTION in playing low against high cost food with advantage. Looking through that exciting book, *Royal Menus* (Hammond & Hammond, £2 2s.), by René Roussin, who was chef to King George VI, I came across one of the King's favourite dishes. It was made of kippers and what could cost less? Just now, kippers are at their best—so full of oil that one need not add more fat to moisten them. After a day in the country a grilled kipper with buttered toast makes a quick and tasty snack. MANX TOAST, a savoury, takes a little more time. Here, in M. Roussin's own words, is the recipe:

Take 2 or 3 good, oak-cured, soft, plump raw kippers. Using a small sharp knife, cut from the thickest and best parts of the fish small, thin fillets of boneless kipper meat, avoiding the skin and the hardened surface which has been exposed to the smoke in the kippering process. Put these strips or fillets aside.

Take the remainder of the kippers, remove the backbones and scrape the meat off the skins. Discard skins and backbones, chop up the meat and force it through a wire sieve. Put the resultant *purée* in a shallow pan with a dessertspoon of Béchamel sauce for every 3 oz. of kipper and cook gently, stirring, until the mixture is quite stiff and almost dry. Now add enough fresh cream to give the mixture a soft *mousseuse* quality, and a liberal pinch of Cayenne pepper. Stir well.

Place the *purée* on little squares of fresh-made toast and then arrange the kipper fillets in a little trellis or grid pattern on top. Put a dab of fresh butter on each square and put them in a medium-low oven for 5 minutes. Garnish with a little fresh parsley and serve very hot on a folded table napkin.

But what I wanted chiefly to write about this week is a seemingly expensive meal built around a boned loin of that beautifully white veal which is so much larger than most. Get the kidney, too, if possible, and take your own seasoning mixture along with you so that the butcher can lightly sprinkle it over the inside of the meat before rolling it up.

Ask him also to lard the veal, saving you another bit of preparation.

Here is the menu I served a few days ago: *Chilled Cream of Tomato Soup*; *Braised Boned Loin of Veal*, garnished with Vegetables; *Cheese Board*; frozen *Loganberry Cream Pudding*. (The tomato soup has already appeared in these notes. I suggest that it be made much thinner than usual, because chilled soups are apt to thicken.) Choose a piece of loin of, say, 3½ lb. in weight. It should be that large, very white-fleshed veal our farmers are now rearing on the Continental method. Have it boned, seasoned, rolled and larded as above. Break the bones. Put them in a pot with a sliced onion and carrot, a *bouquet garni*, a good sherry glass of dry white wine, salt and freshly-milled pepper to taste and enough cold water to cover well. Bring to the boil, skim, then simmer, covered, for 2 hours.

Place the prepared loin in a lidded double roaster and spread it with 3 oz. softened butter. Bake it for a few minutes, uncovered, in a hot oven (425 to 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 to 8). Withdraw it from the oven and sprinkle it with salt and pepper and a very little flour. Return to the oven, and after 5 minutes baste it with the butter in the pan. When the loin becomes golden, add to the pan a sliced onion and carrot, a clove of garlic and ½ pint of the strained bone stock. Cover tightly, lower the temperature to 325 to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3 to 4, and cook for about 1¾ hours. Meanwhile, allow for each serving 3 to 4 peeled little round pickling onions and equal amounts each of whole very small carrots and small potatoes. Cook these separately in a little butter and a tablespoon or so of water until they are done and a little golden on the outside. Shake the pans from time to time to make sure that the vegetables are evenly browned.

Lift the meat on to a heated serving dish and leave it for a few minutes. By this time, the meat should then be easily carved into fairly thin slices. Discard the string from them. Arrange them overlapping in the dish with the vegetables around them. After pouring off and retaining the buttery fat (for other purposes), pour the pan juices over them. If only 4 to 5 people were served with the hot veal, there should be enough meat left over for a delicious cold dish.

Place it in one piece into a smallish oval *terrine* in which it fits fairly tightly. Slightly tint the strained bone stock to a straw colour with caramel. Leave to become cold. When it is syrupy, pour it over the cold meat and leave to set firmly. Cut the meat in slices from the *terrine* and serve them with salad.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Sorting out the china

Albert Adair

CONFUSION BETWEEN CHINESE PORCELAIN MADE FOR EXPORT TO EUROPE and the home-made product has increased since William Chaffers quite wrongly ascribed a large quantity of Chinese export porcelain to the Lowestoft factory in his otherwise authoritative survey, *Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain* in 1863. The mistake has been pointed out frequently since, but confusion remains.

Production of Chinese porcelain specifically for export to Europe dates from as early as 1650. Designs at this time on plates, cups and bowls were religious in character, depicting Biblical scenes such as the Crucifixion, due to the influence of the early Jesuit missionaries. By the turn of the century European figures began to appear in the decoration and the first *Blanc de Chine* figurines in European dress are known to have come from Fukien. By 1725 the East India Company was fulfilling orders for Armorial dinner services through the port of Canton and "Chinese Armorial" continued in demand for the next 100 years, but not to the exclusion of non-Armorial designs to suit the European taste in the newly discovered *Famille Rose*.

In 1757 a factory for making soft paste porcelain was opened at Lowestoft in Suffolk. It continued until 1802 producing coloured and blue & white wares of rather second-rate quality under the management of a local artist called Robert Allen. His favourite decorations,



and therefore most typical of Lowestoft, were bouquets of flowers and Oriental figures closely resembling the decoration then in favour on the hard-paste porcelain being imported from China.

Then with Chaffers's book confusion began. Not only pieces with floral decorations or figures similar to Allen's decorative style, but every type of Chinese export porcelain, including Armorial and anything with European figures portrayed, has come under the completely erroneous name of "Chinese Lowestoft." The picture on the right shows English Lowestoft; that on the left, the so-called Chinese Lowestoft. Both illustrations are by courtesy of Messrs. Boswell & Ward of Dover Street, W.1.

To confuse matters further, within the last 100 years large quantities of faked 18th-century "Chinese Armorial" have been made in central Europe and by the Samson factory in Paris—well enough, moreover, to deceive the enthusiastic amateur and occasionally the collector.



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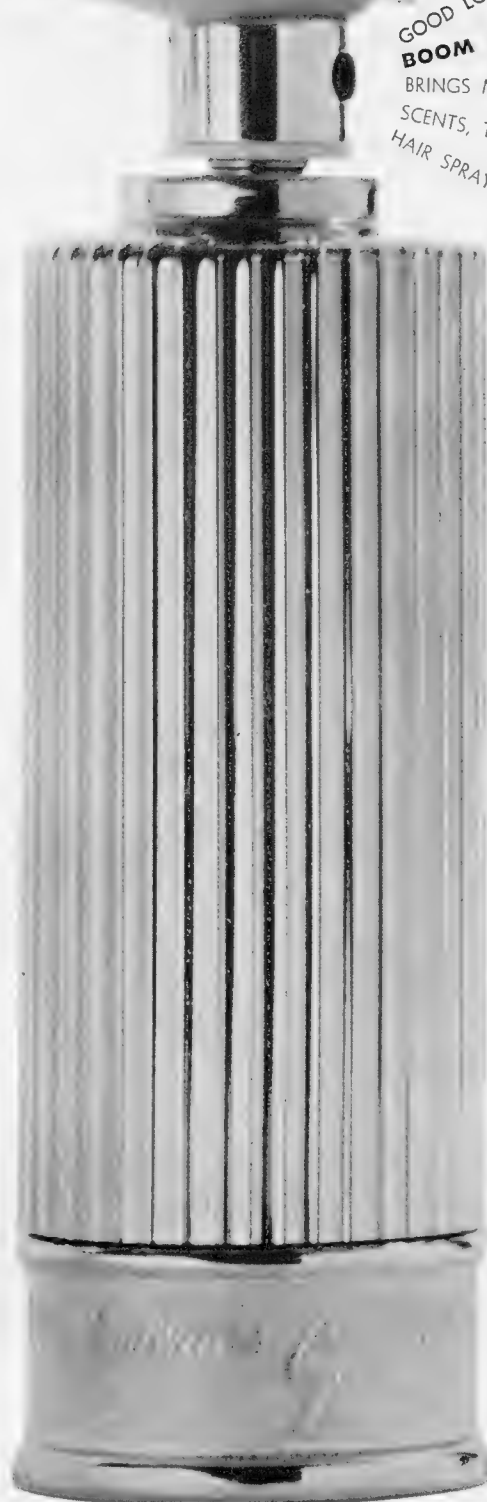
Lazybones hair spray: Lenthéric's Tweed Hair Mist which gives a machine-gun whoosh of Tweed spray. 12s. 9d. for a spacious canister

Lazybones way to carry spray in a bag: Helene Curtis adds a free bonus to her Go Gay vanishing hair spray with a handbag sized copy that refuels from the standard size: 12s. 6d. complete

Lazybones bath powder: Weil's Antelope talc de toilette in a seawater blue squeezezy bottle. The sharp, elegant scent of Antelope suits centrally-heated summer weather. 11s. 3d. for four ounces

Lazybones way to cast a spell: the golden ridged canister on this page, full of Le Galion's bewitching Sortilège. 7 gns. for an atomizer which can be refilled from a deep pink container (3 gns.)

Lazybones way to get cool: Estée Lauder's young scent—Youth Dew Parfum de Toilette in a bright blue spray. Enough to scent a summer for 38s.



DARRY WARNER

MAN'S WORLD

A Sauna—blow by blow

David Morton

LONDON WAS SHIMMERING IN A NOON TEMPERATURE OF 87 DEGREES, when I went for a Sauna bath at Finland House at 56 Haymarket. You check in valuables and are given a pair of clean white towels. After a warm shower, you feel better at once, though the temperature in the dressing room is 80 degrees. Next comes the Sauna proper, a seven foot cube lined in pinewood, containing a metal stove, electrically heated, with some volcanic-looking rocks on top, and a bucket of water with a dipper. It's hot in there (they've closed the door). You start sweating and look at the twin temperature gauges; one says 95 degrees—not too hot, you think, until you see the other one. It's 95 degrees Centigrade. That's 203 degrees Fahrenheit. It's 116 degrees hotter than the rest of London. Ladling a dipper of water over the rocks on the stove, you get the feeling that you could produce as much steam if you poured it over yourself.

After 10 minutes you long for a cold plunge. But under instruction, you have a warm shower outside, as a compromise. Lots of soap. It feels fine. Back in the hot-room, the temperature is climbing. You sit down and a birch whisk is brought to you, in a bucket of cold water. You hold it over those hot rocks to revive it and then whip yourself very lightly all over. The leaves trap the heat, and this whisking makes you sweat still more. Shrimp-pink, you dash for a cold shower and nip back shivering to the hot room. This time you can relax on the hottest shelf—the one at the top. You lie down and reflect that you're as hot as a boiling kettle. The gauge is just over 100 degrees Centigrade. It's hot, but not uncomfortable. A little more play with the birch whisk, and then the cold plunge. By this time you feel like a Saharan

version of Jack o' the Green, covered with birch leaves, pouring with sweat. An Ingmar Bergman complex tends to set in at this point, if you aren't careful. You mutter to yourself in a Finnish tone, and grope for a slaughtering knife (did you see *The Virgin Spring*?) or wonder what to do if someone puts a hot wooden lid on your stomach . . . but better things are in store—a cold plunge. Quite painless, in fact rather gratifying to your overheated frame. Surprisingly, you don't sizzle as you make contact with the water.

After drying yourself, you go into the changing room and rest for a few minutes. At this point you can't remember when you felt fitter. Then Albert Hescott, who is in charge, gives you an expert massage with a mixture of lemon and nut oils. He told me that the purpose of the Sauna is to sweat all the toxins out of the system. You may lose a couple of pounds, but it's only a temporary loss—you make it up after a couple of drinks. The massage tones up the muscles perfectly, as well as relaxing you. After another hot shower, to wash off the oil, you dress and leave, if you don't want to rest. Over a glass of iced milk, which tasted as good as those advertisements say, I talked to Mr. Hescott about the Sauna.

I wasn't surprised to hear that it's extremely popular, especially with business men. It's open Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. (Mondays and Wednesdays are ladies' days). Weekdays noon till 6.30, Saturdays 10 till 3.30. A Sauna costs 15s., 10s., on Saturdays, and a massage 10s. The birch whisk is an optional extra at 2s. 6d.—they come from Finland. It's economical to buy a season ticket, £6 for 10 baths, and wise to book (TRA 2601). A season ticket for 10 massages is £4 10s. I left feeling fresh, cool and clean—and very sorry for the people in London streets, but with a tremendous thirst.

There are two other Saunas in London. One is at City Wall House, 22 Finsbury Street, E.C.2 (MOO 8921), closed to men on Tuesdays. The other is at the Milroy in Hamilton Place, where members (7 gns., entrance £1) can quickly move from the Monte Carlo atmosphere of the gaming room to the Finnish atmosphere of the Sauna.



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MOTORING

Quality compact from France—Facellia

Gordon Wilkins

GEORGE ABECASSIS, WHO IMPORTS THE FACEL VEGAS FROM FRANCE, tells me that a lot of these fast and elegant machines are bought by readers of *The Tatler*. Now from the same factory comes a smaller car, the 1.6 litre Facellia, for those who admire the style and finish of the Facel but need a more compact car with a smaller engine; and this should appeal to the discriminating buyer, particularly if any move towards the Common Market reduces the import duty. Prices presently start at £2,509 with tax.

Every stylist knows that scaling-down a big car is an extremely difficult exercise, but the highly individual character and charm of the Vega have been perfectly reproduced in the smaller Facellia, and the interior obtains the same effect of quiet opulence from extensive use of black leather with the minimum of applied decoration. External light work—most of it stainless steel—is also restrained.

The first body style was a two-seater convertible. A detachable hard top was made available for it and later came a fixed head coupé. They are called 2-3 seaters but I would describe them as comfortable two-seaters with space behind for luggage or a small dog. In addition there is a fair-sized luggage trunk at the rear and high-grade fitted cases can be supplied. The latest model, on the same wheelbase, is a four-window occasional four-seater coupé which I have been trying recently. Here again, the two front seats are excellent. Those in the rear have restricted head and leg room and are suitable for children, or for adults on very short journeys.

Experience with the first few hundred cars has led to some useful improvements in the 1961 model. A vacuum servo now produces full power from the Dunlop disc brakes with very little effort, whereas a rather high pedal pressure was previously required, especially in town driving. Seats and backrests are better shaped to support the occupants when cornering fast, and an optional sports steering wheel with wooden rim of reduced diameter leaves more space for the knees.

Although low built (only 50 inches high) one can enter or leave the front seats without gymnastics. The controls are arranged as the keen driver likes to find them; a short gear lever on the centre tunnel,

a pull-up handbrake and accessible switches on the centre console. Instead of a horn ring there are two triggers under the wheel to work the horns—leaving the driver a clear view of the instruments—and there is a headlamp flasher button just by the gear lever. Besides a full selection of instruments there are warning lights which show if the fuel supply or the oil pressure are below safe limits.

The slope of the backrests can be adjusted by a screw device when the car is stationary, but on a car of this quality I would prefer the lever-type adjustment now so popular on the Continent, and a slightly greater range of movement would help people who like to adopt the modern racing driver's extended-arm driving position. Small feminine feet will be happy on the pedals; men with big feet might prefer them a little more widely spaced. With its luxurious trim and sound-proofing and its solidly built body, this is not a light car—it weighs over 2,400 lb.—but it is beautifully made and its engine—with a black crackle finish, incidentally—provides all the power it needs. It is a high efficiency twin overhead camshaft four-cylinder of 1,646 c.c. developing 114 horsepower and it sings round to 6,000 revolutions a minute in the gears to give about 34 m.p.h. in first, 55 in second and 85 in third. It goes from 0 to 60 in about 13 seconds and does 0-100 in about 38. Ninety-five m.p.h. is an easy motorway cruising speed and the maximum is about 114. The gearbox has synchromesh for all four speeds and is delightful to handle.

At high speeds the Facellia handles like a thoroughbred, understeering slightly on the corners, but responding quickly to a touch of throttle if the corner turns out to be rather sharp. It has a level ride, with springing which is firm enough to make it stable, but not firm enough to be uncomfortable. Leaving the main roads and taking to the rougher byways, the rear wheels may tend to patter over the potholes, but it is the kind of springing which allows one to maintain high average speeds without tiring.

The Facellia F2 is a sporting rather than a sports car, with very high-grade engineering, styled and finished with a combination of quality and taste which is achieved by few cars of any nationality.

There is a still faster version, the F2S, which has an engine modified to give about 11 more horsepower by using a higher compression and two twin-choke Weber carburettors. I tried a coupé with this engine and found it great fun to drive. It gets up to 100 m.p.h. in about half a minute and has been timed officially at 120 m.p.h. It is noisier and less flexible than the single-carburettor engine and of course has little chance of success in races or rallies because it is just outside the 1,600 c.c. class, so for regular road use I would settle for the standard F2 model.

ENGAGEMENT

The Hon. Fionn Frances Bride O'Neill to Mr. John Morgan. *She is the daughter of the late Colonel Lord O'Neill and of Mrs. Ian Fleming, of 16 Victoria Square, S.W.1. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. R. Morgan*

IDA KAR



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. M. J. Deckoff and
Miss S. M. Gluckstein**

The engagement is announced between Marvin, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Deckoff, of 31 Wensley Drive, Great Neck, New York, U.S.A., and Sally Maryse, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy M. Gluckstein, of 36 Springfield Road, London, N.W.8.

**Mr. R. M. Hickman and
Miss J. P. S. Armstrong**

The engagement is announced between Richard Malim, younger son of the late Mr. J. B. Hickman and Mrs. Hickman, of Leonard Stanley Vicarage, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, and Judy Penelope Sylvia, daughter of Brigadier C. D. Armstrong, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Armstrong, of Wix's Farm, Kingsnorth, Ashford, Kent.

**Mr. M. P. Cater and
Miss J. S. C. Barton**

The engagement is announced between Michael Paul, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Cater, of Foxburrows, Great Warley, Essex, and Jane Sarah Colledge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Barton, of The Gables, Warley Hill, Brentwood, Essex.

**Capt. L. J. Lauderdale and
Miss W. M. C. Bird**

The engagement is announced between Leonard, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lauderdale, of Leeming, Yorkshire, and Wendy, youngest daughter of Brig. and Mrs. A. V. Bird, of Wedgewood, Cowborough, Sussex.

**Mr. W. T. Eadie and
Miss M. E. Brown**

The engagement is announced between William Templeton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Eadie, Beath Villa, Cowdenbeath, Fife, and Mary Ewing, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Brown, Rosslyn, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire.

**Capt. J. K. Heyes and
Miss J. M. Dorse**

The engagement is announced between Capt. John Keith Heyes, Royal Signals, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Heyes, of Calliscott, Lindenthorpe Road, Broadstairs, Kent, and Jean Mary Dorse, younger daughter of the late Mr. H. C. C. Dorse and Mrs. B. R. M. Dorse, of Higher Hollway Farm, Taunton.

**Mr. R. S. Fotheringham and
Miss E. M. C. Lawther**

The engagement is announced between Robert, son of Major and Mrs. Thomas Steuart Fotheringham, of Fotheringham, Forfar, Angus, and Elizabeth Mary Charlotte, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. B. Lawther, of 20 Coleherne Court, London, S.W.5.

**Mr. P. H. Loyd and
Miss R. J. Moir**

The engagement is announced between Peter Haig, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Loyd, of Oakhill, Seaview, Isle of Wight, and Rosemary Joan, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Moir, of Stanemore, Pirbright, Surrey.

**Mr. A. Rowe Jones and
Miss S. E. Newton**

The engagement is announced between Alick, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rowe Jones, of Birdsall Cottage, Orient Drive, Gateacre, Liverpool, and Sarah Evelyn, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Newton, of Thames Bank, Chiswick Mall, W.4.

**Mr. D. B. Pattullo and
Miss F. J. Nicholson**

The engagement is announced between David Bruce, son of the late Colin Arthur Pattullo, M.C., W.S., and the late Mrs. Betty Pattullo, and nephew of Dr. J. Alastair Bruce, The Grey House, Murrayfield Road, Edinburgh, and Fiona Jane, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Nicholson, 47 Dick Place, Edinburgh.

**Mr. J. G. F. Dawson and
Miss S. C. Davies**

The engagement is announced between James Grant Forbes, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dawson, of Haddington, East Lothian, and Susannah Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Davies, of Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire.

**Mr. M. C. Waller and
Miss P. A. Spriggs**

The engagement is announced between Michael Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Waller, of The Old House, East Preston, Angmering-on-Sea, and Penelope Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Spriggs, of Kingston House South, S.W.7.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 142 for details

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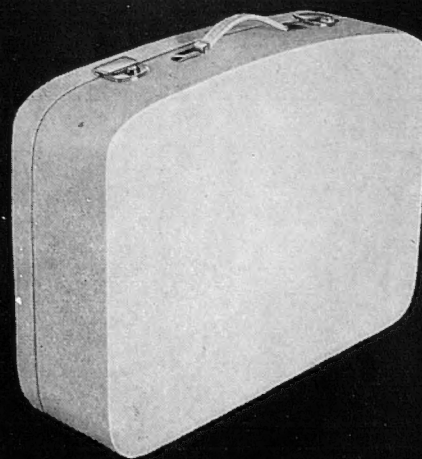
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PERSONAL

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